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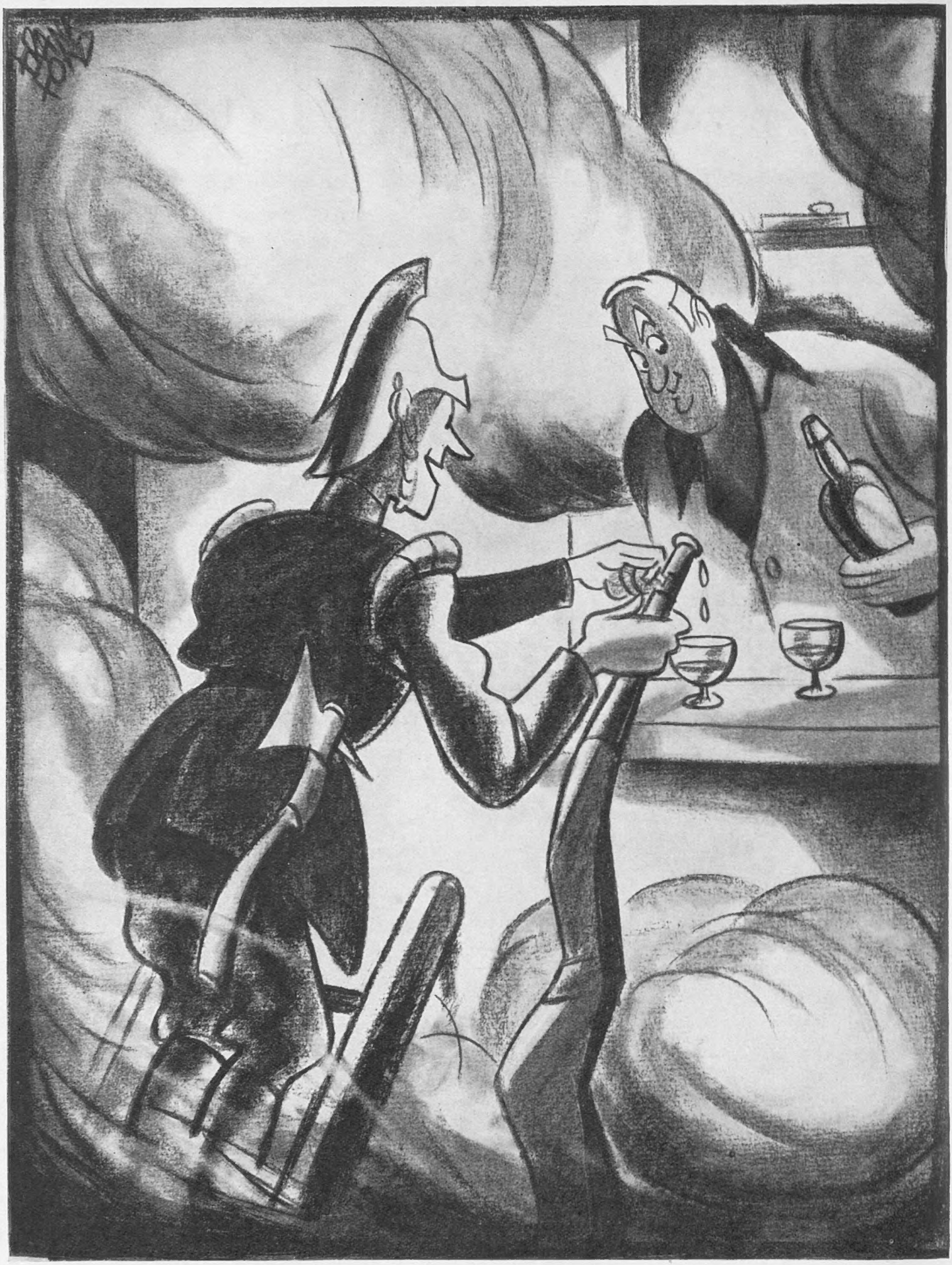
The Bystander, February 6, 1934

No. 1573. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

MERLE OBERON

A new photograph of the attractive young English film-star, whose appearance as the tragic Anne Boleyn, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," was all too brief. Merle Oberon is under contract to London Films and will play lead opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, in "Exit Don Juan," which goes into production almost at once. Later, she will be going to Hollywood



"Say when, Sir!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Oxford Union Bar

A HEADLINE in one of our weightiest contemporaries runs: "Oxford Union Bar Mixed Teas." This seems to us to be just another example of Oxford's progressive and independent spirit. Not only does the Union possess a bar, but a bar which is not so wholly devoted to the sale of alcohol that it cannot also run a nice line in Mixed Teas. One of the very finest of Mixed Teas is that glorious blend, Earl Grey, and there are several others which are a triumph of the blender's art. We have small doubt that these will be on sale at the Oxford Union Bar. What we cannot understand is why a sub-headline should call this the thin end of the wedge, and why a gentleman who opposed the motion should have asserted that "Women will soon be seen on the floor of the house." It seems to us to be a strange argument, but then the ancient city, which Matthew Arnold founded, and which is now famous for accents, marmalade, trousers, and one variety of Baron Nuffield's celebrated motor-cars, is a very strange place. As William Morris, the poet, is said to have said years ago as he looked down upon the city of dreaming spires and lost causes: "Someone could make of Oxford a new and lovely town if only they could knock fifteen per cent. off the overheads."

More Chromatics

LOVELY little housewives, we are now addressing ourselves to you. Louts, hulks, and cads, be off, and don't come back till the next paragraph. This is our news, lovelies. Kitchens are to have colour schemes. The British Colour Council has been at it again and, not content with inventing things like new shades of crocodile, to be called, probably, Oglethorpe, is bringing out a scheme for harmonising pots and pans, for making the colander match the rolling-pin, for adjusting the shade of the toasting-fork to the pattern of the linoleum, and toning the roller-blind with the sink. So do not be surprised if one day you hear the pot calling the kettle eau-de-Nil.

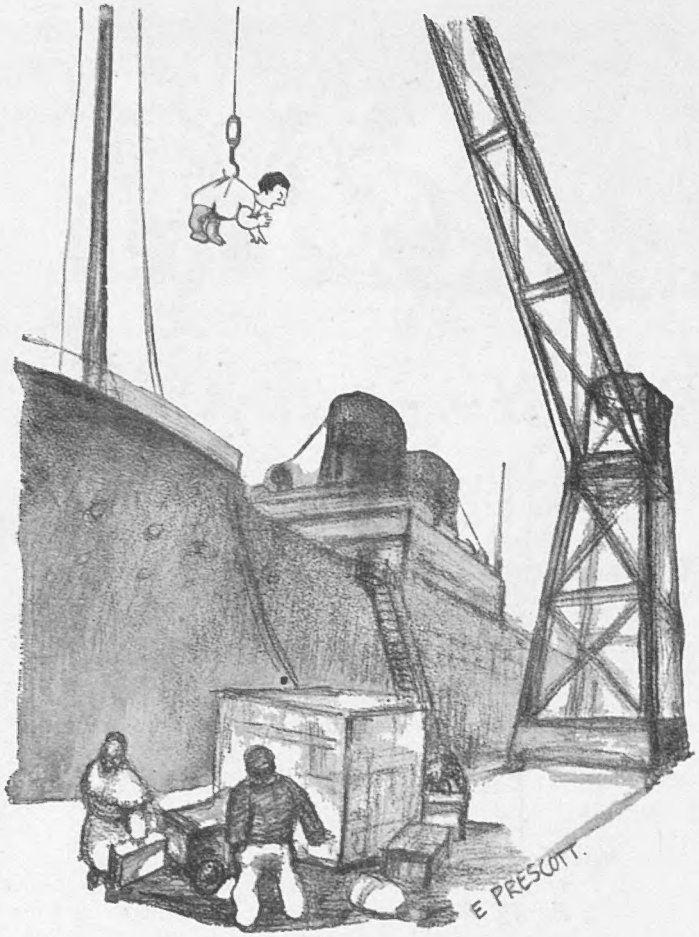
"Immediately after bathing, just patty-pat-pat and your skin feels as fresh as a daisy's!"

Shade of d'Artagnan!

WAS your ghost in the Parc des Princes Stadium the other morning, O immortal musketeer? Did your shade watch the duel between the two lawyers, and the film that was made of it? Four pistol-shots were fired, and six film-shots taken. All the former missed, all the latter were successful. Both of the desperate duellists wore heavy overcoats, because it was a shiveringly cold morning, but one of them, for some inscrutable reason, removed his collar. They did things differently in your day, didn't they? when you and the Three fought the six Cardinal's Guards, and routed them so handsomely.

Spoil-Sport

WE deprecate the action of Mr. MacCormick, New York's Commissioner of Correction, in messing up the comfortable arrangements of the Welfare Island Penitentiary. It appears that two eminent racketeers, having by some mischance failed to make enough cash during their careers to square the judge, were serving a long stretch. Being men of sensitive perceptions, they felt the incongruity of sitting in a hard, bare cell on an island that is labelled Welfare, and so they decided to alter the internal arrangements of the prison. Mr. MacCormick's raiding-party discovered that the two racketeers were living in the hospitals, having transferred the patients to the cells, and were surrounded with cigars, and champagne; they were wearing silk pyjamas and flowered dressing-gowns; a still for brewing beer had been installed; two hundred



"Hey! I'm no angel!"

pigeons were housed in some of the cells and flew back and forwards with supplies of dope, ordered by the two racketeers on scented, monogrammed notepaper; and there was a perfect arsenal of weapons of every sort, from machine-guns to stuffed eel-skins. And now it's all been spoilt by the Commissioner, and another piece of colour has been erased from an all-too-colourless world.

A Rose by Any Other . . .

WHEN the fiction boys and girls grasp their quills, or run the oil-can over the typewriter, as the case may be, and get ready to shoot the works, the first thing they have to do is to select some nice names for their characters. There was a time when every book contained a Tremayne, or a Treherne, or a Tregellis, or a Trevenna. Earlier than that was the period of Vavasour, of Tolleshunt D'Arcy, of Charteris, of Pendragon-Montacute. Nowadays, for fear of appearing even more ridiculous than their ideas of novel-writing make them already, there is a reaction in favour of Mary Wilson and John Jackson and Henry Stubbs. It is all the more unfair therefore, in view of this modest forbearance, that Life should have weighed in with a lawsuit in Shoreditch in which a gentleman named Symbolist sued a policeman named Parramore. We have looked in the London Telephone Directory and it contains no Symbolists, by name, that is to say. There are, of course, lots of poets, painters, sculptors, and so on, who are symbolists. We also looked up the other name—(Hi! Stop! None of that!—Oh, all right, all right.)

THESPÆANS

No. 19.—The Western Brothers

SOME blighters are so fearf'ly common and low
That they simply delight to poke fun
At us Public School blokes although those sort of jokes
Are really not bally well done;
But the Western Bros. show by their songs that they know
That all Public School products are rippers,
And they praise all us guys who can sport old school ties
And don't tog up like dashed Blackpool trippers.

So jolly well give three roarin' cheers
For those priceless old songs of those priceless old dears.
(Hip, hip, chaps! All together!)
Let those fearful cads who consume high teas
Jeer just as much as they jolly well please,
We real pukka sahibs won't bow our knees
Whilst the Westerns still sail the B.B. seas
(And it's jolly boatin' weather).

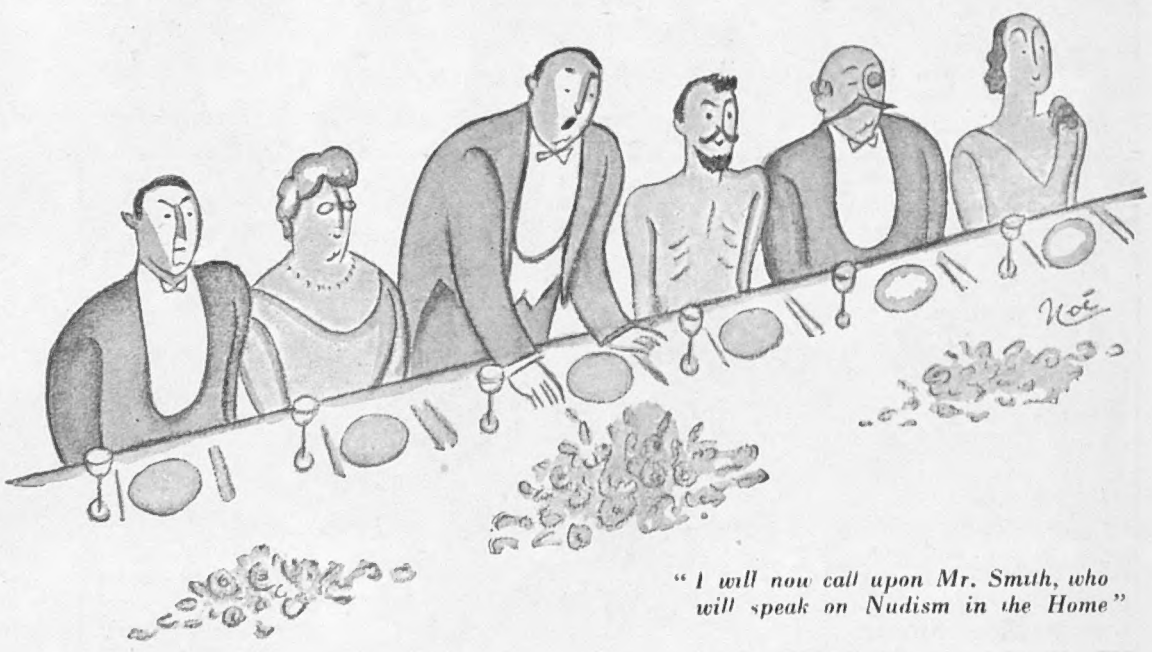
All we right sort of chaps who at school won our caps
For "Rugger" or polo or squash,
Simply dote on the Bros.—each a darned good old hoss
With a viewpoint that's palpably posh.
In their dashed clever lays they will set out to praise
The grade one, blue-blooded first-rater
Who 'll never forget what is done in his set
Or bring shame to the old Alma Mater.

So cheer till the jolly old uvula splits
For those bright Western blokes who are both of 'em "hits."
(Bung-ho! you cocktail-sinkers)
And though some of the cads whom we often meet
With ghastly dickeys and quiffs complete
Have the darned nerve to hint that our crush 's effete,
With the Westerns to praise us we *won't* be beat!
(Up, Scho-o-o-ol! *We 'll* show the stinkers!)

B. W.

Beetle, Beetle, Burning Bright

THE sound of the death-watch beetle boring into the timbers of an old church has been broadcasted to a possé of gentlemen with enormous foreheads who go in for Research and what not. This opens up a new possibility for the B.B.C., and we have it on pretty rotten authority that Mr. Eric Maschwitz is arranging for a



"I will now call upon Mr. Smith, who will speak on Nudism in the Home"

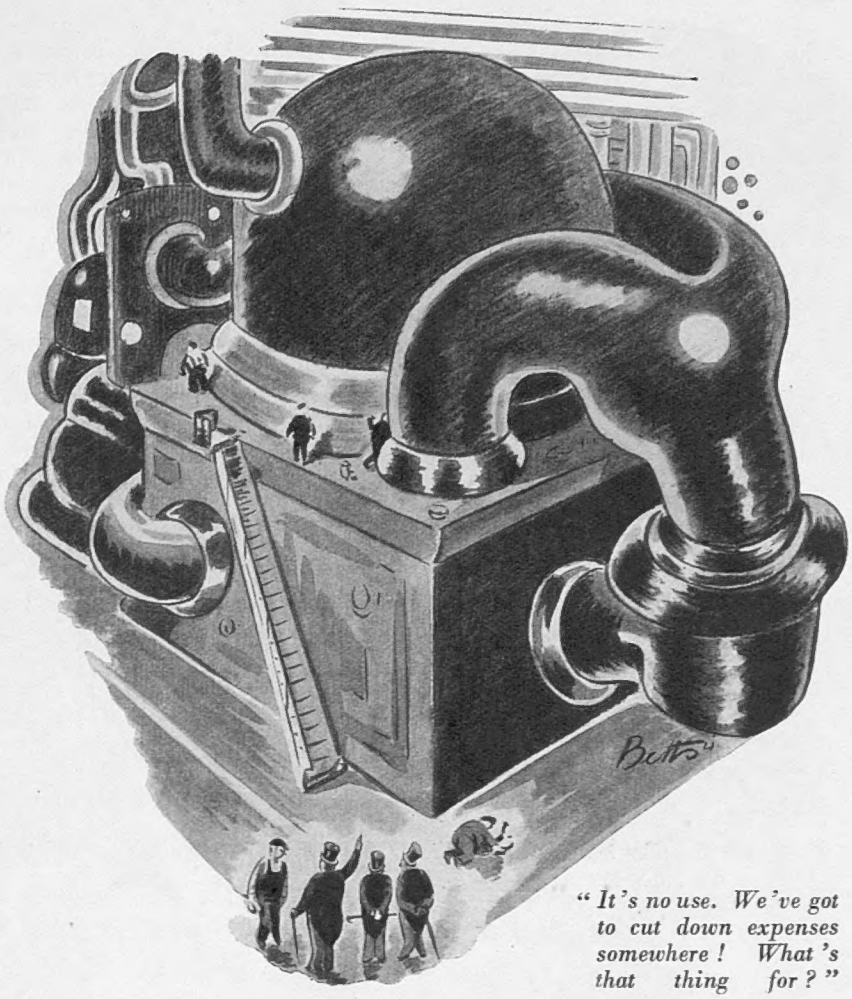
broadcast of the sound of red ants crossing a rather small pillar-box, the snuffling drone of an earwig as it chews the sole of a gum-boot, and the chatter of ladybirds round a cocktail-tray. This may be all right. Probably it is. But we are a little doubtful of the wisdom of encouraging the beetle. We know so many boring insects as it is, without adding to their numbers, and quite a few of them seem to broadcast now and then.

A Protest

WE have received an indignant protest from a citizen of Wolverhampton, in which he says warmly that it was never the intention of that city to change its name to Coatimundi-hampton, in honour of the coati-mundi that was discovered there a few weeks ago. If they do decide to change it, he informs us, it will be rather in the direction of the Wings of Poesy than an attempt to catch notoriety by monster-producing, and there is a possibility that the ultimate choice, if choice there is, may prove to be Humbertwolferhampton.

What Men!

WE did not take any part in the Monte Carlo Motor Rally, and, on reading the accounts of the adventures of the motorists, we consider that we were shrewd judges. When we want to rally round Monte Carlo, we do it by a nice, fast, comfortable Train bleu, with meals and wine and brandy and sleeping-cars on board. We do not, as several of these heroic but misguided motorists did, go first of all to Athens and then motor from Athens to Monte Carlo through fog, snow, ice, appalling mud, over mountains and rivers and ravines. One of the British competitors collided with a woman driving a milk-float, who refused to get off the crown of the alleged road in one of the Balkan countries. One or two cars caught fire, but the majority of them struggled on to the end. We salute their courage and the reliability of their cars.



" It's no use. We've got to cut down expenses somewhere! What's that thing for? "

The Michelin Twins

FOR many years these famous twins have set a fashion and no one has followed it. The gallant pioneers, however, have been quite undaunted by this lack of appreciation and have continued to appear, day after day, in season and out of season, in their all-rubber suiting. Now at last their pertinacity is to be rewarded, for the new material for this year's clothes is to be made of rubber. " Rubber threads have

been made tubular," explains an expert, "and so the new material will be able to stretch in every direction at once." (A painfully accurate description, by the way, of our once sylph-like figure.) "What exactly does that mean?" we asked alertly, for we are nothing if not alert. "It means," came the stately and dignified reply, "that you will be able to take a bell-shaped stride in a tube-shaped skirt." We could have whooped with joy, if our lady-like natures allowed us to do anything so ungenteel as to whoop, at the news. For years we have been handicapped by our tube-shaped skirts whenever we tried to take a bell-shaped stride. In fact, we had practically given up all hope of ever succeeding. And now at last we shall be able to do it. And when we serve overhead at lawn tennis, our elastic blouse will automatically snap back into position with a ping. Oh, girls, what glorious news!

Romance Corner

No, sweet ones, we are not going to use the word "romance" in its modern, up-to-date sense, in which it means the business career of an office-boy who saw a way of chiselling a great mass of dibs out of his fellow-citizens and ended up by becoming a J.P. in a South Wales industrial city. We are going to use it in the ridiculous, old-fashioned sense of something that is beautiful and yet quite unconnected with financial wangles. In Rome, where Signor Mussolini's intense love of the mighty historical past has caused great excavations to be carried out during the last few years, objects which have recently been discovered are beginning to smell more and more of charred wood. The Antiquarian Museum is smelling like the remains of a wood-fire. So a group of experts have been investigating the phenomenon and have discovered that these objects are all coming from the foundations of buildings which were burnt when Alaric the Visigoth sacked Rome in 410 A.D.

So now, pretty ones, you have an inkling of what we old fossils mean by the word "romance." Just doddery old sentimentalists, that's all. And now, what is that sound we hear? It is the ticking of the tape, and the closing prices of the stock markets are coming in and we see that old Snooks has cleaned up a packet. There's Romance for you.

Brave New World

Brave new world be blowed! Crazy new world. Stark, staring, raving, dotty new world, and all those who made it, at Versailles, St. Germain-en-Laye, Trianon, Neuilly, and Sèvres, ought to have been rounded up years ago and clapped smartly into the loony-bin. Listen to this story from the Bavarian Tyrol, sixteen years after the end of the war that was to make the place safe for democracy. A Bavarian cow was sick. The only "vet." within many miles was an Austrian, living a few hundred yards away. But he was on the other side of the frontier. The cow-owner would have to pay 1000 marks to cross over with the cow. The doctor would have to pay a corresponding amount in schillings to cross over. So they took the cow to the white line which divides the two nations. The "vet." came and stood on the other side and made his examination without crossing. The cow, being a highly-disciplined German cow, stood perfectly still, and then a furtive hand was slipped across and some money went with it, and everyone went home satisfied.

And we consider ourselves a mass of cultured, civilised, and sensible chaps! Loony-bin—that's the place for the whole lot of us.

Bad News, Mr. Cooper

It is now confidently predicted by the Pundits (or should it be spelt Ponduits, on the B.B.C.'s analogy of Conduit Street?) that *Laburnum Grove*, at the Duchess, is in for a long run. Thirty-two bananas a week, Mr. Melville Cooper. Don't forget that when you throw your hat in the air.

Voice of Mr. Cooper, heard in distance (sourly): "Forget it? Not ——— likely!"

THE BYSTANDERS.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 6

As a guest of the Borgias declared:

"I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SAUCE!"

Can She Dance, or Can She Dance?

Mitzie Mayfair,

The High-Stepper of "Les Girls"

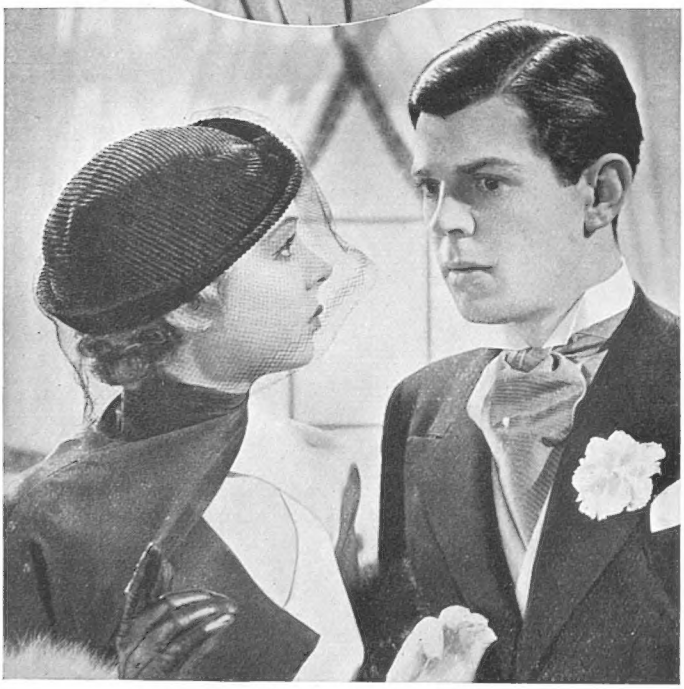
Mitzie Mayfair has a face, a figure, a pair of legs, and a personality that are all as O.K. as can be, and she can dance. Well, she's the highest-paid dancing turn in America, so of course she can dance. She gets £10,000 a year, it's said, and is still in her teens—seventeen, to be exact. At the moment she is the star performer at the Dorchester, where the New York Midnight Follies of 1934 provide the cabaret that is watched nightly by all those who like to see pretty girls if they know where to look. Mitzie Mayfair is a nice name; we'd be pleased to know what its owner was called before she became one of the late Mr. Ziegfeld's young ladies some three years ago

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Adolphe Menjou with Joan Blondell and Mary Astor in "Convention City," a new comedy, in which Adolphe Menjou, as a travelling salesman, gets into a peck of trouble with the girls he meets on his round

Left: Ann Dvorak as Lydia, an Indian girl educated to white standards, in "Massacre," the Indian Reservation melodrama, starring Richard Barthelmess



Above: Jessie Matthews and Bryan MacKay in a scene from "Ever Green." Jessie Matthews played lead in the revue in its stage version at the Adelphi. Bryan MacKay played in "Ball at the Savoy" very successfully, and married Natalie Hall, the leading lady

"Emperor Jones"

PAUL ROBESON is a magnificent actor and his grand physique and voice dominate this picture. The fact that the added scope of the screen, with the possibility of realistic jungle settings, detracts from the drama instead of intensifying it, only proves what a superlatively fine stage play it was and how powerful was Robeson's acting in the part of the "Emperor." In the film, the preliminaries, including a negro Meeting-house where Brutus Jones's departure to be a train-attendant is being celebrated with a curious mixture of religion and whoopee, and the introduction of a number of early associates, male and female, intended to explain and illustrate the material progress and spiritual deterioration of the man, which are really implicit in Robeson characterisation, tend to make the story diffuse, and the fatality of his history less potently dramatic. The scenes dealing with the "Imperial" part of his story are more successful, but the final sequence in the jungle loses something of its horror and terror by the pictorial introduction of the devils and ghosts of the hunted man's imagination. But the return to the primitive—the bestial sounds and agonised eyes of the creature frenzied by fear—is Robeson's *tour de force*.

From the rest of the dusky crowd Dudley Digge's performance as the treacherous white man—the Talleyrand of Brutus's precarious "empire"—stands out. He is master of the art of developing the character of a craven and knave without resort to theatrical villainy. Paul Robeson and the welcome departure from trite and reiterative themes make *Emperor Jones* a film to see.

"Convention City"

RIOTOUSLY funny, if you consider collective drunkenness the greatest joke in the world, and a nagging wife, an old man and his toupé and the pursuit of brazen blondes by inebriated salesmen during their "Convention Week" contributory titbits of humour. Guy Kibbee, with the precarious toupé and the nagging wife, is a rival candidate for sales-managership to Adolphe Menjou in one of the de-Europeanised, "hard-boiled" parts he does best, as a salesman who does not scruple to use a love affair with his employer's daughter as a means to advancement. Joan Blondell as a predatory female complication, and Mary Astor as Menjou's consolation prize are among the good players whose talents are thriftlessly employed in this quintessence of vulgarity.

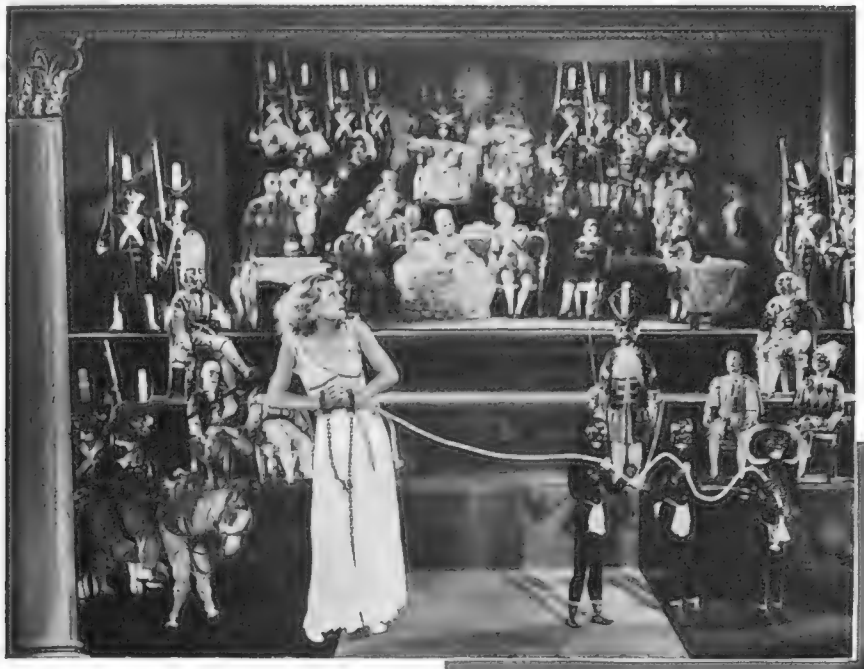
"His Double Life"

HAVE you heard of Arnold Bennett and a play called *The Great Adventure*? If the makers of this film have done so they have managed to forget. Here is our old friend, Priam Farrell, "England's greatest painter," so self-effacing that his valet is buried in his place in Westminster Abbey, and he is forced to adopt that worthy's name and the widow he had found through the *Matrimonial Times*—Bennett's rich and fruitful idea, in fact, but bowdlerised almost out of recognition.

The villa at Putney becomes a flowery-bowery affair, Alice, the matter-of-fact little Cockney, is converted by Lillian Gish into something between Wendy and the girl from *Way Down East*. Roland Young, as the eccentric painter, looks more like a successful insurance agent, and the relationship between him and his wife is recklessly sentimentalised. The fantastically handled court-scene, when the distraught artist is forced to reveal his moles and establish his identity for the sake of an art dealer's honour, suggests that the director of *His Double Life* would have been the proper person to film *Alice in Wonderland*.

"Massacre"

THE Indian question may be a heated one in America, but it can hardly be a subject of popular interest to English audiences. But, in spite of an obvious and earnest purpose in this connection, *Massacre* is good, old-fashioned, lurid melodrama with a sufficiency of burnings, torture, seduction, chasings, imprisonment and escape to provide excitement. Richard Barthelmess is the hero, a Sioux chief's son who returns from a successful career as a trick-rider in Chicago to his father's deathbed, discovers the deplorable conditions under which his people are forced to live in the Reservation, by tyrannous and corrupt officials, and sets about righting the wrong in drastic and violent manner. How well Barthelmess knows the stuff such men are made of! Anne Dvorak is the emancipated Indian heroine, and Dudley Digges gives another of his admirable impersonations of villainous officialdom.



Suzanne, the Dancer, as the Marionettes' Captive

Lilian Harvey has escaped at last from the pretty beggar-maid type of part whose insipidity has so far been her inevitable lot in Hollywood. It looks as if puppet-shows are going to be the new film fashion, judging by "The Mascot," and this venture in the Fox studios. It is, anyhow, a fashion that gives scope for imaginative humour and fantasy — qualities perhaps more typical of the work of European than of American directors

Puppets' Prisoner

Lilian Harvey in "I Am Suzanne"

Gene Raymond and Lilian Harvey as the Puppeteer Saw Them

In "I Am Suzanne," Lilian Harvey appears as a dancer who falls in love with a young man whose family are famous "puppeteers." This young man (Gene Raymond) loves his puppets more than Suzanne (Lilian Harvey), until the end of the film, when he suddenly sees sense. In the photograph at the top of the page Suzanne is doing the dance which makes her famous, when, a lovely Gulliver, she appears with the puppets, is taken prisoner by them, and tried at their court. In the photograph above are the puppet figures of Gene Raymond and Lilian Harvey which are added to the "cast" of miniature actors

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 36

Tom Webster

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

TOM WEBSTER, on whom the overcoat, jacket and waistcoat, not to mention the mantle of Phil May has fallen so gaily, is a native of Birmingham. He was barely sixteen when he started to earn his living at Handsworth—dishing out railway tickets to the customers by day, and drawing pictures at night. His first cartoon appeared in the local sports *Argus*, and in order to be mysterious, he signed it "Gilbert," which is his first and ever afterwards concealed Christian name.

In his young days Tom has seen hard times. For five nights he slept on the Embankment, and all he had to eat was a tin of vaseline. This was when he was discharged from the Army with a wound in the neck and a pension of 16s. 2d. a week, which he has never drawn.

Let me say at once that Tom is one of my greatest friends, and unlike most people with an acute sense of humour, is extraordinarily sympathetic. Yet he himself is extremely sensitive, like most people who freckle easily. His great hero is Harry Tate. (It is curious, by the way, that all the great humorists—P. G. Wodehouse among them—consider that Harry is the most brilliant comic of his generation.)

Tom is a great impersonator, and could easily have made his mark on the stage as a mimic. Instead, he chose to draw pictures, and has been for years the highest-paid cartoonist (apart from one or two Americans who syndicate their stuff) in the whole world.

He has long, sandy eye-lashes, an admirable flat in Grosvenor Place overlooking the grounds of Buckingham Palace, a Peke named Tinney, an ex-wife to whom he was married by Jimmy Walker, when Mayor of New York, an abnormally old-fashioned handicap of twelve at golf, and a goodwill among the great sporting public the extent of which I doubt even his editor begins to appreciate.

AMONG his friends in the world of sport I should put George Duller, Lord Lonsdale, Melbourne Inman, Lord Westmorland, Dan Sullivan, Bob Harlow, Phil Kelso, Herbert Buckmaster, Tom Paton, and the late Herbert Chapman—all good fellows and a wonderful testimonial to Tom's variety of interests.

Tom belongs to Buck's Club and the Savage, but goes everywhere. His first love is billiards. His last love is a horizontal British heavy-weight. In between he likes old brandy alternately with the water waggon. He has a hatred for those who steal other people's ideas—whether they are comedians, authors, artists, or actresses. He is absolutely sincere, and is big enough to say that he thinks that Low has a better line than he has himself. He is both generous and loyal, and in consequence is frequently imposed upon. He suffers from bouts of acute melancholia, and what is even worse, insomnia. He has a wider knowledge of sport, and particularly boxing, than all the English sports writers put together, and not even Lord Lonsdale is as fastidious as he is in his choice of cigars. Last and most important of all, he writes as well as he draws. And one day, I prophesy, he will turn columnist.

Tunbridge

Mlle. Livia Paravicini is the elder daughter of M. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, and Mme. Paravicini, and one of the most attractive and popular of the ex-deb set. She and Miss Priscilla Weigall, with whom she goes about a good deal, run each other very close for first place amongst the bridesmaids most often chosen for big London weddings. She will be a hostess for the Lenten lunches that are being arranged during February and March in aid of King's College Hospital

Swiss Sisters

Mlle. Livia Paravicini and Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini

Bassano

Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini is M. and Mme. Paravicini's younger daughter, and a debutante of this year; she will be presented at Court in May. She was born in London and speaks English perfectly, and, like her sister, has innumerable friends over here

Second Thoughts on

Sketches by Rouson

"East Lynne" (Little)

JOKES about "Little Willie, in *East Lynne*" get laughs, but I can't tell you why for certain. Maybe the *East Lynne* business, incorporating extras like aspidistras and bombazine, has passed into accepted burlesque. Some things do. Fifty years hence crooning, and all that it stood for, may share the same fate. Yet *East Lynne*, with its story of the model husband, the jealous wife, the scheming supplanter and her fugitive brother, wrongfully accused of murder, and the villain, who seduces the jealous wife and, needless to say, gets arrested at long last for the murder—well, it was a good play in its day. Our elders and betters sobbed themselves silly over it. I believe it is a good play still, but on that point the irreverent laughter which shook my vitals at the Little Theatre has left me in some doubt.

Revised and produced by Edgar K. Bruce, Mrs. Henry Wood's tear-raiser doesn't get a chance to defend its escutcheon. Mr. Bruce presents it as it might have been done in Irving Garrick's stock company's fit-up in the village hall, Taunmoor, in 1890. The occasion being Mr. Irving Garrick's benefit night, we get extra songs and dances thrown in ad lib., and, in the intermissions, the sisters Ada, serio-comics, sing "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow," "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," and other period masterpieces.

I have a witness ready to swear that he saw that "serpent," Sir Francis Levison, perform a song and dance at Portsmouth some thirty years ago, but that doesn't convince me that the citizens of Taunmoor heard in Jubilee Year what Mr. Bruce gave us in John Street the other night. If you want to laugh for five minutes you shouldn't miss Walter Fitzgerald, as Archibald Carlyle, singing:

> If I could only take her hand
> As I did when she took my name,
> But it 's only a beautiful picture
> In a a be-oo-tiful golden frame.

and then inviting you, with a lordly solemnity, to join in the chorus.

Behind the frame itself stands Helena Pickard, pale and wan, representing better than could any scenic artist the unhappy Lady Isabel herself, bereft of spouse and soon to be the mother of her seducer's illegitimate che-ild. Mr. Fitzgerald is excruciatingly funny all through, because he plays the sanctimonious solicitor without a quiver of a derogatory whisker or the wink of a blasphemous eye. Miss Pickard is deadly serious too, and there 's no undue ribaldry from Peggy Ann Wood as the intriguing Barbara or Joy Meredythe as the faithful maid.

That "fine old English gentleman," Lord Mount Severn, is played, if you please, by the baggage-man (alias Victor Stanley).

The h'arrival of 'is Lordship is a foretaste of the ribaldry to come. Mr. Bruce's villain, the green lime playing on his top-hat, black waxed moustachios, and red-lined cloak over evening dress (to which is finally added a hunting crop), completes the slaughter. *East Lynne* is dead—long live *East Lynne*. If Mr. Bruce and his fellow mockers play for laughs they certainly get them loud and often enough to keep

"Clive of India," at Wyndham's

Top: Margaret Maskelyne (Gillian Lind), the girl who went to India to marry Clive without ever having seen him, merely on the receipt of a letter. Below: Army v. Navy in 1757. The battle of wits between Clive (Leslie Banks) and Admiral Watson (Frank Petley) on which rested the fate of an Empire

First Nights

a same-ish joke from flagging. Played dead straight, the old melodrama's farrago of pomposity and saccharine might have been funnier than it is, with burlesque given a free hand. Or it might not. Or it might have made us cry, and then Little Willie—not this one, who stood five feet eight in her golden wig—would not have died in vain. How he and the late little Lord Fauntleroy would have smirked to see all our modern playwrights, except Mr. Noel Cavalcade Coward, so disconcertingly put out of business.

"Clive of India" (Wyndham's)

WATCHING our greatest Empire-builder run his course from clerk to conqueror, it never struck me that Messrs. W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney were getting away, scene by scene, with one of those "Lives of Great Men" serials in which the Great Man did positively nothing at all; or, rather, nothing that one could see with the naked eye. They didn't give us young Robert in his nightshirt calling on the French to surrender, or Lord Clive defending his honour before that vote of censure in the Commons. A few years would pass and "Robber Clive" would be discovered just having won a few more victories or explaining to his poor, devoted wife how sorry he was to be re-embarking for India just when they were settling down in the home he 'd always promised her.

One of our most revered critics has seen through the authors' bluff, and I 'm wondering now what sort of a job Mr. Arthur Collins would have made of the battle of Plassey in the palmy days of melodrama at the Lane. Remembering how my simple imagination was fired, as the play gripped harder at every episode, I can only point to the authors as men of great skill and cunning and warn you to be on your guard. Their chicanery is no better than the double treaty trick for a throne and an ally which Clive played on the treacherous Omichand. A most ungentlemanly business, but blessed with the happiest results.

A delightful refresher course in history, as Empire propaganda, for its theme, selectivity and pattern, for the two inspired portraits—home and colonial—which spring from the brilliant acting of Gillian Lind and Leslie Banks, and more besides, *Clive of India* is the play for your money and your heart.

TRINCULO.

"East Lynne," at the Little

That serpent, Sir Francis Levison (Edgar K. Bruce), shows what he thinks of the unwanted brat, the result of his wicked conduct towards the Dove, Lady Isabel (Helena Pickard), while the audience show what they think of Sir Francis. On the left: the aspidistra, an important adjunct of all Victorian dramas

Music (and all That)

Albert Hall Activities

By "Melos"

THE Albert Hall has been going gay—musically speaking—of late, and will go gayer. Take the rebuilt organ, for instance, a huge and noble instrument which took upon itself to "cipher" on the night of its inauguration.

A cipher, it should be explained, is a noise that the organ emits on its own, for which the organist is not responsible, though he is usually kicked in the pants for it. A long, long note which refuses to stop and baffles all attempts to silence it. I have known organists crawl inside the organ and remove the offending pipe; but no human being could remove one of the deep pedal pipes of the Albert Hall organ, for they are as tall as telegraph posts, and it was one of these which had offended. So the noise continued for quite a while, and enabled the papers to get awfully witty the next morning with their references to the Loch Ness Monster.

Ciphers are evil, Puck-like things, and have a knack of making themselves heard at coronations, State funerals, and other occasions of awful solemnity.

"Stick it, Lady Faughntley! We'll make a musician of you yet"

HOWEVER, the programme on this occasion was not quite disorganised—that is to say, there was a non-organised portion of it. This consisted chiefly of the late Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Ciphers"—I mean, "Blest Pair of Sirens"—a true masterpiece of English choral music at its best. There was a fine performance by eight hundred R.C.S. voices, conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Toye.

Mr. Toye will not have much time to conduct for some months to come, for he is busy superintending at Covent Garden. That, in a way, is a pity, since he is a good conductor. He will not conduct at Covent Garden, which proves that he is a modest man, and strong enough to resist temptation.

It also means that he will be too occupied with the business side of opera and with soothing temperamental singers to be able to attend to such matters.

RETURNING to the gay Albert Hall, the dramatic presentation in spectacular form of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is due on February 12th, produced by Mr. T. C. Fairbairn, who has experience of this type of entertainment. *Elijah* has been seen on the stage before, as it was given many years ago in the provinces as a grand opera.

In this case, there will be a large chorus, pageantry, costumes, two ballets, Markova to dance, Albert Coates to conduct, and, among the singers, Harold Williams, Henry Wendon, Maria Sandra, Lillian Stiles Allen, and Captain Cuthbert Reaveley, an ex-regular Army officer who used to sing baritone parts in Italian at Covent Garden.

But this production, mark you, is not "a stage play." Nothing of the sort. If it were it would not be allowed at the Albert Hall. For the antiquated regulations of that Victorian edifice ordain that while spectacles in costume, operas (Chaliapine sang in one there—stage, proscenium, and all), boxing matches, and fancy-dress balls of, sometimes, truly Continental hilarity, are permitted there, "stage plays," as such, are not.

Which must be perplexing for so enterprising a showman as Mr. C. B. Cochran, who is the Albert Hall's managing-director.

MME. D'ALVAREZ'S concert at the Queen's Hall was a genuine success. It is a pity this fine singer is not heard here more frequently, for her versatility is astonishing. Yet she is not content with mere versatility: however diverse the styles of the songs she sings, she excels in all of them. Indeed, there was only one song in her programme which she did not sing supremely well. Considering that that programme included Gluck, Debussy, Richard Strauss, negro spirituals, Jewish spirituals, arias from *Carmen*, and some Spanish folk-songs, this is not a point which need worry her.

MME. D'ALVAREZ thinks, I believe, that admission to concerts should be free, and that the audience should be asked to pay as they go out, trust being placed in them that the more they are pleased the greater should be their contributions.

I fear I have not Madame's faith in human nature, for I am convinced that whatever the quality of the concert the audience would pay nothing at all. The temptation to get something for nothing would be much too strong. But if anything could tempt them to disburse, it would certainly be the singing of Mme. d'Alvarez.

MR. ROM LANDAU'S *Life of Paderewski*, just published, is a good one—well-written, complete, balanced in tone. He devotes attention to the man, the pianist, and the politician.

As a politician and Prime Minister of his native land, Paderewski found himself confronted by a sea of troubles, which eventually overwhelmed him. But Poland did the world a good service in being ungrateful to her most distinguished citizen, for that ingratitude sent him back to the piano.

There is a good story of Lady Oxford saying to the great man: "You live at Morges? Then you must know that dear friend of mine, Stravinsky. Don't you agree he is the greatest composer?"

Paderewski, who hates modern music and is naturally not fond of a member of a nation, Russia, which had oppressed Poland for a century, replied: "M. Stravinsky and I used to bathe in opposite ends of the lake, so we never met in the water. We never met on land, either."

"Yes, he's put a call through to himself again"

DECREE NISI . .

An Allegory for To-day—and To-morrow

By Arthur Wragg

DIVORCE ON THE INCREASE

FEWER MARRIAGES

A decline in the number of marriages and an increase in the number of divorces are recorded in the Registrar-General's statistical review for 1932, issued on Saturday.

The marriages solemnised in England and Wales during 1932 numbered 307,184, against 311,847 in the previous year. The rate was 15.3 persons per 1,000 population at all ages, compared with 15.6 in the previous year and 15.8 in 1930.

Of the total marriages, 31 per cent. were solemnised during the third quarter. The preference for this period has been constant since the beginning of the present century, before which the fourth quarter had been the favourite time for marriage.

Sixteen males and 758 females married at 16, the lowest legal age, and while the 16 males married females up to 19 years of age (except in one case where the female was 22), the 758 females married males of varying ages between 16 and 50 years; in only four cases were the bride and bridegroom both 16 years old.

The number of decrees nisi made absolute in respect of dissolution or annulment of marriage was 3,894, an increase of 130 over the number for the preceding year. Only one year, 1928, when the number was 4,118, has this figure been exceeded.

HEAVY DIVORCE LIST

Largely owing to arrears from last Term a total of over 1,000 cases await trial in the Probate and Divorce Court.

Undefended petitions, in which most of the suitors are wives, number 695, compared with 618 in the Hilary Term last year. Probate and defended actions have risen from 220 a year ago to 367 in the coming Term.

There are 31 common jury actions, compared with 23, and five special jury causes against 12.

The majority of the jury out of personal injuries, but there a 45 libel actions, 26 in which slande alleged, six breach of promise cases, one action for enticement.

Brighter Clothes for Men

MR. ARTHUR WRAGG, who is responsible for this striking pictorial allegory, is a young artist who first studied at Sheffield Art School and whose work has become familiar to the public, thanks to the individuality of his style and his equally individual outlook. Both were well exemplified in his illustrations to *The Psalms for Modern Life*, published by Selwyn and Blount last year, which caused considerable comment. In the above drawing the artist has been forcibly inspired by the increase in the number of divorces taking place year by year as proved by official statistics, which also show that marriages are becoming fewer and fewer

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

The Main Line of Attraction

"The general comment on Sir Robert Horne becoming Chairman of the Great Western Railway is that it means farewell to his political ambitions"

WHAT is to happen to Mr. MacDonald, and whether the National front will soon be pushed into the background are no longer topics of idle, unpatriotic gossip to be sternly frowned on, but arguments for serious political discussion. Members coming together after the holidays have compared notes as to what is going on in their constituencies. They have been amazed to discover the number of Conservatives up and down the country who are asking when a General Election is coming and how they are going to fight it. Ignorance is no longer bliss. It has become a bore.

THE worst thing that the Prime Minister could possibly have done, so far as his own interest was concerned, was to address the meetings at Seaham and Leeds. His failures there—they cannot truthfully be described as anything else—have done more than all the intrigue and propaganda put together to cheer on the anti-MacDonaldites in the Commons and in the Cabinet, and persuade the waverers that perhaps this indispensable incorruptible isn't so indispensable, after all.

As usual, "Watch Baldwin" is the conclusion come to by at least three-quarters of the Members who talk things over. Mr. Baldwin is without equal so far as political strategy is concerned. The manipulation of the machine is the one form of political activity that really interests him. When he begins to move then is the time to sit up and take notice. Until then we can talk as much as we like, but nothing will happen.

THE list of Ministers who are to make stirring appeals up and down the country in the Government's National campaign makes interesting reading on account of the names that are not there. Surely it is extraordinary that Lord Hailsham's great powers of advocacy are not to be employed? Sir Samuel Hoare's absence from the list is easily explained. But the Law officers might have been expected to do their bit. There can never have been two such modest men as Sir Thomas Inskip and Sir Donald Somervell. They are neither seen nor heard.

WHY isn't Sir Hilton Young to speak? He should be able to make a rousing appeal. Coalitions have an interest for him. They recognise his talents and give him office. Party Governments pass him by. And he should know his brief. He has been both a Liberal and a Conservative. He can speak, feelingly, on the faults of either. And, really, this is an occasion where the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster might emerge from his hibernation. What does Mr. Davidson do?

MR. ORMSBY GORE keeps off the platform, which is a pity, and all the Cabinet Ministers in the Upper House. I am sorry for Sir John Gilmour. He is the voice crying in the wilderness. He is to speak at Cardiff. Preparing the way for the sensational personal appearance (one performance only) of the President of the Board of Trade Agreements. The audience, it is understood, will be fully protected.

THE general comment on Sir Robert Horne becoming Chairman of the Great Western Railway is that it means farewell to his political ambitions. In actual fact, I believe Sir Robert said good-bye to them many years ago—after 1924—when he began to devote more and more time to business, and play in the House only that part which he enjoys to-day as an unlicensed Back-Bencher. The real interest in Sir Robert's appointment is how it will affect his vis-à-vis, Sir Josiah Stamp; not immediately, but in the future.

IT is not beyond the bounds of probability that what has been done to London transport might be done to railway transport. In that case, who would be the new Rail King? Lord Ashfield had no rivals when he took over control of the L.P.T.B. Two weeks ago most people would have said Sir Josiah had no rivals for a similar position on the railways. Now there is Sir Robert Horne.

NEXT month come the L.C.C. elections. There are some Members of Parliament who are also members of the other body across the river. They spend their time between County Hall and the House of Commons. Undoubtedly, experience in the one is of assistance in the other. But to combine both duties seems, in the end, to lead to neglect of one or the other, and it is the senior body which is more easily forsaken. Competition there is keener. A little star has better chance in a small firmament.

THE Session doesn't look, so far, as though it is going to be particularly exciting. The Unemployment Insurance Bill will occupy most of our time; but, of course, anything may blow up from any quarter of the globe. The House is worried by foreign affairs. There is a dearth of men who can speak with authority on the subject, and it is the one subject on which Members seek for guidance. Sir Austen Chamberlain alone seems to command an audience, and he has behind him the disadvantage of his own term of office.

LADY ASTOR said not so long ago: "I like to serve the Government with my head, not with my feet." She always was impetuous; why decry those beauties who have put at the Government's disposal all that they have? The Government are probably quite content with what they have got. At least, the Cabinet have shown that when they are determined on getting something, they do so. Their supporters' shoe-leather encourages them.

A Racing Reverie

National Weights

By "Regular"

Right: Lord Normanton on Miss Judy Forwood's horse, Treasure Island, on which he finished third in the Blaby Handicap Steeplechase, at Leicester

Right: Captain Frank Bellville talking to Miss Lubbock, Miss Monica Sherriffe, and Miss Betty Homan at the second January Steeplechase Meeting at Leicester

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall and Gen. H. A. Thompkin walking across the paddock at Leicester

DURING our enforced absence from the racecourse I was fortunate enough to lunch with a Master of Foxhounds and have tea with a Steward of the National Hunt, all on the same day.

THESE two meals, or perhaps I ought to say the conversation at these two meals, made me very happy, as they convinced me that the point-to-point row is nothing but a storm in a tea-cup, and that both sides are really anxious for a reconciliation, and when this is the case a row is as good as over.

I AM absolutely convinced that both the M.F.H.A. and the N.H.C. have the very best interests of the sport at heart. At the moment they have a difference of opinion, but I am certain that it will very shortly be amicably settled.

THE N.H.C. are dissatisfied over the running of the open races, whch are a regular feature of every point-to-point, and, frankly, there have been cases when the conduct of the riders in these races has been open to suspicion.

SOME of the people who participate in them are rather warm customers, and the N.H.C. are of opinion that the M.F.H.A. have not sufficient racing knowledge to look after them and keep them in the straight and narrow path, and they would like to see these races abolished or run under the auspices of the N.H.C.

I AM not attempting to take sides in the matter; all I am interested in is that the point-to-points should provide the best sport possible, and without an open race very few point-to-points could provide a really interesting day's sport. The open race almost invariably produces a good field and is very popular among the farmers, whose good will is so essential to fox-hunting.

I HAVE one grudge, however, against these Masters of Foxhounds, and that is that they do not exercise sufficient care when selecting the day for their point-to-point, to avoid clashing with those of adjacent Hunts. I know of many people who would very much like to attend both the Bicester and Whaddon Chase Point-to-Points, but as the Whaddon Chase have elected to have theirs on the same day as the Bicester, they will be unable to do so.

SINCE you last heard from Uncle, and up to the time of writing, no racing has taken place, and the only item of interest in the racing world has been the publication of the weights for the National. Every year I always make the same joke when I'm asked what I think of the handicap, which is that they've all got too much weight; but, nevertheless, that happens to be my Honest to God opinion.

I CONSIDER that it is unfair to ask any horse to carry over 12 stone round Liverpool. Why in the world the top weight can't be 12 stone and the bottom weight 10 stone, beats me. It's all rot to say there are not enough 10-stone jockeys available. One or two amateurs who usually go round might have to forgo their ride, but, much as I admire these intrepid young men, I don't see why good horses should be sacrificed, to make their holiday.

I KNOW quite well that I shall get letters from "Old Timer" and "Father of Twelve," telling me that the National has several times been won with 12 stone 7 lb. Quite so, and I also remember reading that Samson did some pretty good weight-lifting feats in his time, but you don't expect us all to pull down temples with our bare hands.

THE National is the greatest sporting event of the whole year, but it might be an even greater one if the best horses in the country were not over-burdened with such a crushing weight. I may be proved to be wrong, but I do not give any chance to the top-weights, and any race in which the best horses have no chance falls some way short of perfection.

I AM very sorry that Mr. Pete Bostwick will not be coming over this spring. We may not like it, but there is no getting away from the fact that we are very dependent on Americans steeplechasing these days, and we can't afford to lose one of them, especially when he happens to be one of the best hurdle jockeys riding.

MR. BULTEEL is as good a handicapper as we have ever had, but I do think he was a little unkind in giving Chenango 12 stone 2 lb. Here was a horse that had never jumped a fence in this country, rated within five pounds of our best over Liverpool. No wonder Mr. Bostwick decided to stay at home.

I AM all against "chucking in" an unknown quantity in a handicap, but Liverpool is a law unto itself, and the mere fact that a horse has had no experience of the course is at least a stone against him, which brings Chenango's burden up to the nice little one of 13 stone 2 lb.

I AM writing this before the first acceptance, but my own view of the race at this early stage is that it will be won by Delaneige, Ready Cash, Forbra, Alpine Hut, or Southern Hero.

I DO not think that either Ready Cash or Southern Hero is particularly well handicapped, but both impressed me tremendously on their last appearance on a racecourse. Ready Cash's victory under a big weight at Newbury was a splendid one in every way, while the manner in which Southern Hero sprinted away from Golden Miller, even allowing for the fact that the latter was conceding 2 stone, impressed all who saw it. My only fault with Golden Miller is that he has over 12 stone to carry. In my opinion he is a better horse than ever, and never in his life did he jump so well as when defeated at Hurst Park in attempting an impossible task.

Snow-Falls

All at Ski in Switzerland

Miss Pamela Topham, who is in the front rank of British skiers, pretending to make a difficult job look more difficult than it even is

Mr. Norman Walduck (left) and Mr. John Brice, also expert skiers, attending a novices' class and, just for the fun of the thing, acting as novices sometimes do

Mr. "Jimmy" Jarvis, son of Sir John Jarvis, executes a "funny mark," which it takes something of an expert to do

Left: Commander R. B. Gossage, R.N., takes an unorthodox toss just to encourage those less proficient

Looking at London . . .

THE LIBERAL BALL

(8) Miss Pamela Oliver and the Hon. Walter of Cromartie's younger son, having supper together

(1) At the Liberal Ball at the Dorchester: Mr. Nigel Seely, Miss Rosemary Peto, and Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, Liberal M.P. for South Shields

(2) Lord Trent and the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme. (3) Mrs. Geoffrey Mander, wife of the Member for East Wolverhampton. (4) The Countess of Rosebery, who, with Mrs. Wintringham, received the guests. (5) Lady Allendale talking to Lady Reading and Lady Gladstone

BALLET-

Swaeb

EVENING NEWS FROM MONSEIGNEUR

Swaebe

Blunt-Mackenzie, the Countess on the balcony at Monseigneur

Swaebe

(9) Miss "Tye" MacRae, Lady Margaret MacRae's daughter, and Mr. Emerson Bainbridge dancing together at Monseigneur

(10) Miss Winifred Paget, Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget's daughter, and Mr. Guy Carleton, who announced their engagement about two weeks ago

GOERS

(11) Captain Daly, Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart, and Major Stemon were in a party at Monseigneur last week

(6) Lady Mount Temple and Lady Ossory at the first night of the new Ballets Jooss season

(7) Lady Gainsborough and Lord Rossmore were two more who went to the Gaiety to see the Ballets Jooss dancers on their second appearance in London

Swaebe

Swaebe

(12) Lady Poulett and her son and daughter, Lord Poulett and Lady Bridget Poulett, at the Monseigneur for Lady Bridget Poulett's twenty-second birthday-party

(13) Lord Hindlip, Mr. Walter Payne, Mrs. Byron-Frye, and Mrs. Payne at the "Little Women" première. Mrs. Byron-Frye is Mrs. Payne's daughter by her first marriage

GOING OUT

At the Garth Hunt Ball: Mr. David and Lady Anne Rhys talking to Mlle. Livia Paravicini; Mr. Frank Covell and Miss Heather Thatcher behind, walking up the stairs

Lord and Lady Milford Haven went on to Ciro's after the first night of the Ballets Jooss; in their party were two of "Les Girls" (Joyce Jahnson is the brunette) and a friend

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, at a Mayfair cocktail-party

Miss G. B. Stern, the well-known author, was in the Ballets Jooss audience

FROM St. Moritz I hear that the snow is wonderful. This announcement, of course, affects all genuine snowballers, ski-ers, and tobogganers; the bar-boy brigade do not care if it snows ink. I learn that they have been in rare form this season. Let us pretend that we can spy into the bar at St. Moritz: this is what we might have seen in the past fortnight—Dale Bourn doing Highland dances; Beryl Mills frowning slightly; Colonel Freddie Cripps being consulted by everyone about everything; the Hon. Drogo Montagu doing a rival Highland dance; Celia Palmer arranging everyone's places at the bar; M. Decio Moura dancing; Violet Breasted looking more demure than ever and almost whispering, "Would someone tell me, please, how not to be lovely?" (she caused the local flower-shop to run out of flowers by each forenoon); "Podger" Rowat wisecracking; Jack Mitford looking puzzled; Billy Reardon recommending "balloon juice" or "giggle water"; "Uncle" D'Arcy Rutherford looking after his nieces or making new members of Corviglia; Princess Averil Imeretinsky (as was) gazing at Hugh Leveson-Gower, and "H.L.-G." gazing at "A.I."; Hubert Martineau looking serious and efficient.

ANY of the following could have been seen giving parties: Mrs. Eddie Baron; Mrs. de Winton Wills; Mrs. Hugh Kindersley (she and her husband were voted the best-looking couple); Ruth Selwyn, the wife of the famous director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (she was the most "sought-after"). Some of these episodes might have been observed: a "de-bagging" party; Sir Alfred Beit avoiding this party;

TO GOINGS-ON "The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran, wearing a black velvet jockey cap, arrives at the Ritz for lunch

Lord and Lady Melchett (she in black velvet and silver) were at the Gaiety for the Ballets Jooss première

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochran on the same occasion: Mr. Cochran is responsible for this ballet season

"Lex" Wilson slinging Celia Palmer round the ball-room, cabaret-dancer fashion; Prince Ali Khan arriving one day and leaving the next; poor Lisa Maugham being taken off ill to Zurich Hospital; Dorothy Spreckels (one of America's really rich girls) wondering if she would get more fun if she gave up bridge for dancing.

A MOONLIGHT ski-ing party at Corviglia, 2000 feet above St. Moritz, produced seventy-five diners to Swiss local music, fireworks and torches. Twenty-two ski-ed down by moonlight—the rest took the train. This was followed by a flood-lit bob-run, in which Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps had her first ride (that is, on a bobsleigh), the gallant Colonel having previously distinguished himself by getting into a team under false pretences, and helping it to win the race. Others who should be mentioned in despatches are Bridget Smith-Dorrien, Betty Colclough, Veronica Fitzgerald, Lord Warwick, Hamar Bagnall, Leonard Govett, and the Duc de Sangro. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bevir are getting up a party to go to Chamonix for some ski-ing.

THE shooting season has ended, except for those who pursue ducks and pigeons. Final flicks at the "cocks" have been indulged in by the best sportsmen: if there are too many left the keepers can always shoot them as they perch on the branches before going to roost at night. Lord Blandford has been shooting very well—but then, he gets plenty of practice. I understand that he prefers it considerably to hunting, though he is not averse to attending the local hunt balls. All Melton whoo-ooped and holloa-ed at Stapleford Park, Colonel Gretton's place, for the Cottesmore Wire Fund Ball on Friday night: previously in the week they had all visited Grantham for the performance of *Diplomacy*, arranged by Lord Brownlow for the local hospital. The Duke of Gloucester brought over a large party on the opening night: he has just lately been restored to the establishment of the 10th Hussars, having been attached to the 11th Hussars at Tidworth since he vacated his appointment as Staff Captain in the Southern Command last year.

THEY had a great feast at the Savoy on Wednesday night. There was a special banquet of dishes only from the Savoy district of France, and of wines from the same district, which had to be specially brought over. One nice dish was "Pâté de Lièvre à la Gelée Seyssel," which is the local hare dressed up according to local taste. Sir John Squire, Sir William Crawford, Baroness Lyndeen, Mrs. Winston Churchill, and Professor H. E. Armstrong, who were among the guests, also sampled a Royal Chautagne, a sparkling Rhône wine.

IN the theatrical world, *The Rose Without a Thorn* has moved to the Vaudeville Theatre, with Frank Vosper and Joan Maude still in the principal parts. On Tuesday night there were two sets of ballet; C. B. Cochran has brought the Ballets Jooss back to the Gaiety Theatre, and very popular they are proving. Theirs are the rather un-obvious types of ballet, and attract a different kind of audience accordingly. At Sadler's Wells, Markova (Miss Alice Marks, in private life) proves herself one of the great ballerinas of the day—the "Nutcracker Suite" was given in full, which was a novelty to those who have only heard Tchaikovsky's suite of that name. It took them months to find the full scores. Lady Cunard was there, congratulating Dame Lilian Baylis on the success of the ballet. Lopokova and Pearl Argyle were two dancers in mufti that evening. Mrs. Geoffrey Toye was paying a sneaking visit after her recent operation, it being slightly against "doctor's orders." However, she is very well again, so there can be no complaints. At the Shaftesbury Theatre *Spring* 1600, Emlyn Williams's new play, had its first night. Isabel Jeans, as a languishing, lisping lady of fashion of those days, had been bitten by a monkey at rehearsals, but was bright and well on the evening itself. And on Thursday Jack Buchanan returned to the Hippodrome audience, which loves him so dearly, in *Mr. Whittington*, of which the libretto had been composed by three people, the music by three more, and the dances by still two more.

IN the musical world we muse upon the departure of Furtwängler and his Berliners, and think for a moment of the great beauty of Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," which was played at the Albert Hall. Jack Hylton and his boys are at the Palladium, and seem rather to have crept into the wrong portion of this page. Schnabel and the Pro Arte Quartet played under Mr. Wilfrid Van Wyck's management at the Queen's Hall. He is a young man who is making a great effort as an impresario to do really good work, and he certainly succeeds in collecting the best talent—Hoffmann, for instance. If the public do not appreciate it, he is not to blame.—MR. PEEPS

Gay D

Fred Astaire an
the Stars of "

THESE fascinating camera-studi
Luce are by John Everard, w
photographically, about every subj
The Astaire-Luce combination in "(
talked of, photographed, and genera
opened at the Palace Theatre las
and shade thus cast on the well-k
dancers is all the more opportune
Shaftesbury Avenue that 's the gaye
light-footed art of this pair of America
are as popular socially as they are w

ancers

d Claire Luce, Gay Divorce"

es of Fred Astaire and Claire
ho finds something new to say,
ect that comes into his studio.
Gay Divorce" has been so widely
lly appreciated, since that show
t November, that the new light
nown figures of the two brilliant
in its originality. It is not only
r for the light-hearted charm and
n stars, but all Mayfair, where they
hen they 're behind the footlights

Married

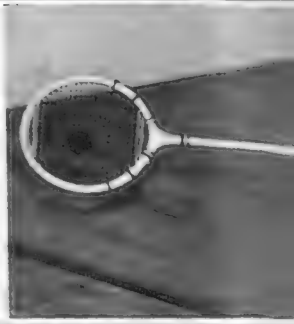
Mr. Leopold Partridge and Mrs. Olive Pearce, who was Miss Olive Sainsbury before she married Lord Inverclyde as her first husband, were married last week. They are Leicestershire hunt regulars

American Visitors

Above, left: Miss Anne Page (America) defeated Mrs. J. B. Pittman (Capt., I.S.C.) when the visiting American squash team played the International Sportsmen's Club. Right: Lady Aberdare (Queen's) beat Miss Eleanora Sears (capt.), in the America v. Queen's Club matches

A Hunting Couple

Captain and Mrs. Charles Pym at the Cottesmore Meet at Braunstone last week



Late!

Lady Ancaster was out with the Cottesmore, at Braunstone, but didn't arrive at the meet until hounds were just moving off

Racing at Leicester—

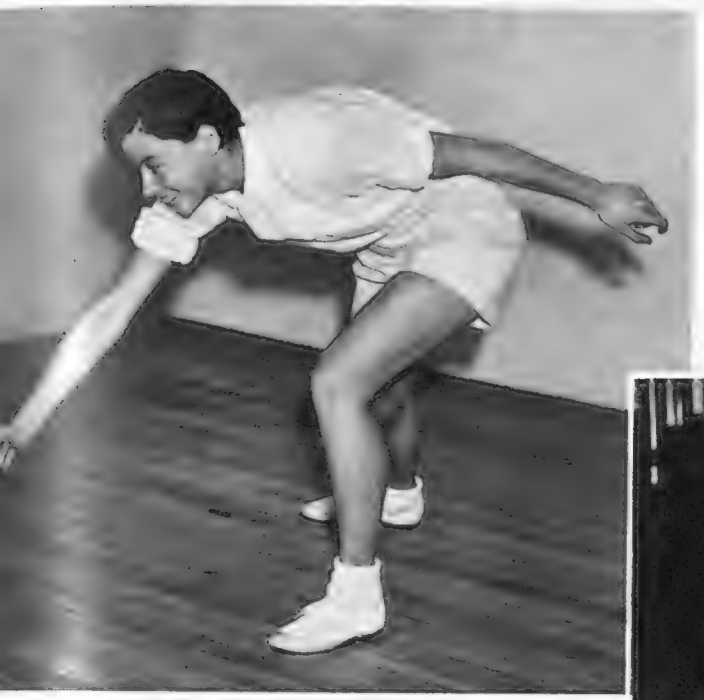
Mr. R. A. Mills, Lady Georgina Agar and Mr. Pilkington at the Leicester Steeplechases. Lord Normanton, Lady Georgina Agar's brother, was riding at the meeting, and was third in one race

—And at Calcutta

The Viceroy of India, Lord Willingdon, leading in Complet, with which he won the Governor's Cup at the Calcutta race meeting in January

ROUNDABOUT

On the right are two photographs taken at the Cheshire Hunt Ball at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester. Top: Mrs. Charles Reiss, whose daughter, Miss Ursula Reiss, has announced her engagement to Mr. F. Versen, and the Duchess of Westminster. Below: Major Tompkinson, Mrs. Reid Walker, Mrs. Tompkinson and Captain Reid Walker



A Philadelphian Squash Player

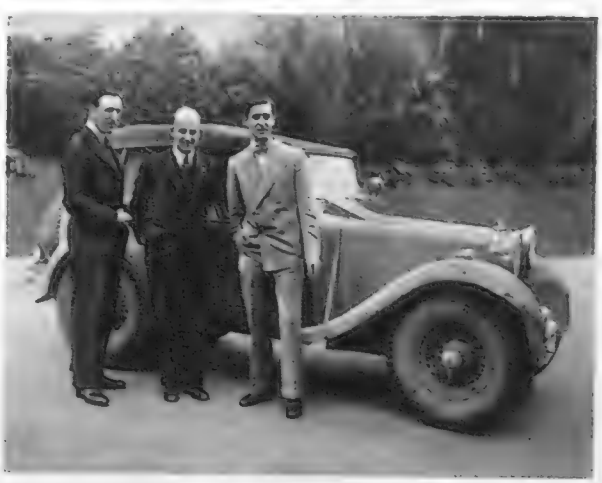
Miss Cecilia Bowes, of Philadelphia, is another member of the American team who have come to London to play the clubs here. Miss Bowes was beaten at Queen's Club, but won at the I.S.C.

The Cheshire Hunt Ball

"Corviglians" Standing Easy

At the Corviglia Club, whence and whither all St. Moritz comes and goes: M. Decio Moura, of the Brazilian Embassy in London

Mrs. Peter Smith-Dorrien, who has been out at St. Moritz ski-ing and party-going with the best, was "snapped" on the Corviglia terrace



A "Triumph" Triumph

Mr. D. M. Healey (centre) and the Triumph he drove in the Monte Carlo Rally; he won the Riviera, the "Illustration Automobile", the Barclay's Bank and the René Léon Cups

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Battle of Dublin

NEXT Saturday, glory be, it 's to Dublin we 'll be going, and may the weather keep fine for us. Will I ever forget that trip last year, with a blizzard all the way up to Liverpool, a hurricane across the Irish Sea, and the information from a steward in the morning that the match was scratched ? And then the great skid in a taxi from North Wall round to Kingstown, a fearful journey which landed me on the quay as the return boat steamed away. Fortunately, the Irish are hospitable folk, and the day in Dublin might have been worse, but still— !

The break-up of a scrum, with the ball going out on the London Welsh side, in the match between that club and Rosslyn Park, won by the latter by 14 points to 3 at the Old Deer Park, Richmond. Rosslyn Park are in stripes

J. N. Robertson (Oxford), with his brother, W. O. Robertson, a linesman, and D. J. MacMyn, the old International, who also held a flag in the Oxford University-London Scottish match, only won by the former by 5 points to 3, despite their International backs

AND what are we going to see, blizzards permitting, this coming Saturday, perched in our seats there, away up in the high stands at Lansdowne Road ? I think, myself, that we shall see an English victory over a stubborn and hard-working Irish team. As I write, the English Selectors have not yet announced the England side, but I take it that L. A. Booth will come in for A. L. Warr, on the right wing ; that H. Rew will remain in the front row, since D. A. Kendrew is still injured ; that C. Webb, if he is fit, will displace J. C. Wright, and that otherwise the team will remain unchanged.

What we are to say about H. A. Fry, who plays on the open side of the English back row, I don't quite know. Fry is a splendid player—intelligent, full of vitality, courageous, but are the Selectors justified in persevering with him ? He has fine qualities, but it is the use he makes of them which lands us in a quandary. Fry is one of those back-row forwards who have made it their mission to stretch the off-side law to its limits. He does this very cleverly, and he has precedents for his lurking with intent. What is more, if there is hard tackling or stopping to be done, and Fry is at hand, he will do his stuff with the best of them.

STILL, I have a very interesting letter from one of the most widely acknowledged authorities on the game, who gives it as his opinion that by picking Fry for England the Selectors are condoning this loitering type of back-row play, and so doing a great deal of harm to the game.

Well, as you must know by now, them 's my sentiments entirely. I may be wrong, but my impression is that Fry has only pushed these tactics of his to their extreme legal limit quite recently.

When I first saw him playing for Lancashire he was simply a thrustful, hearty, have-a-bang-at-it back-row man, and a very useful one at that.

ON the whole, though, this is a pretty sound England team. The forwards have yet to be tested, but they settled down steadily enough against Wales. Gadney we know, and I 'd just as soon have Elliot on my side as Davy, the Irish stand-off half. And the other English backs are good, just that bit better, it seems to me, which means the difference between victory and defeat.

PERHAPS J. Reardon, the new Irish centre, will prove to be a smasher. Possibly G. T. Morgan, the new scrum-half, will hold his own with the forceful Gadney. I have an idea, though, that this Irish team will be just another tearing, rushing, efficient collection of players, without that touch of inspiration anywhere which may lead to greatness. If England can hold the Irishmen, and by sound scrummaging subdue their rampageous spirits, I think we may reasonably predict an English victory by the odd try or so.

INCIDENTALLY, the 'Varsities are settling down to the problems of team-building again, and both Oxford and Cambridge have any number of backs at their disposal. Oxford, indeed, have an international three-quarter line—A. L. Warr, H. D. B. Lorraine, P. Cranmer, and G. Rees-Jones—and K. L. T. Jackson at stand-off half is the fifth international player behind the scrummage.

Cambridge have some sparklers, too. There is K. C. Fyfe, the new secretary, and R. C. S. Dick, of Scotland, and C. W. Jones, of Wales—what a 'Varsity match it will be if two packs of forwards can be found. They can be found, of course, and the thing is to catch them young, pitch them together during the Lent term, make them shove and shove and shove at chuck-about and in actual match practice, so that by next September there is the nucleus at least of a workmanlike pack which will push most opponents off the ball.

Upon that foundation the 'Varsity captain can then proceed to build up the science of scrummaging. The vitally important factor is that eight forwards should have been thoroughly inoculated with the habit of work, a habit which has been dying out for some time.

ACTUALLY, a 'Varsity captain has very little time, relatively, in which to find the right men. In a club things are easier : there is continuity, and the supply of players from the " A " teams is automatic and simple. At the 'Varsity there is too much material, a great deal of it untried. A promising young club player can be thoroughly put through his paces for several weeks, if need be, in the " A " team, but at the 'Varsity, if a man drops out of the 'Varsity side he may very well be lost sight of altogether. It is all very difficult—perhaps we are too critical. The players do emerge, somehow, at Oxford and Cambridge, and we 've a great deal for which to be grateful to them.

Up in the Mountains

Snow and Sun in Switzerland and Austria

Below: Mrs. FitzGerald up at Corviglia, and all ready for the ski-run down to St. Moritz

Lord Romilly and Captain Anthony Hill, the Hampshire cricketer, outside the Grand Hotel, Kitzbühl, where they are staying

Mrs. Anthony Hill, the fair and attractive wife of Captain Anthony Hill, is out in Austria with her husband and his brother

Another Corviglia snapshot—of Mrs. Edward Baron, a book, a deck-chair and some rugs on the sunny terrace at the Club

Above: Lady Romilly, in her dark ski-suit and porter's cap, looks as workmanlike and competent as she and her husband actually are when they are on their skis

Right: Mr. Derek Hill, Captain Anthony Hill's brother, on holiday from Munich, where he is studying décor and scenic painting, and the Hon. Edward Sackville-West, Lady Romilly's brother

Left: Sir John Jarvis in action; he skipped the winning rink for England in the International Curling Cup at Engelberg, when England beat Switzerland, 22—11

Sport with the Lid Off : By "Mark Over"

Left : F. A. S. Gentry (Virginia University and Christ Church) seen putting the weight 40 ft. in the open handicaps at Oxford

THE shouting and the tumult begins. The names of the sixteen men who are coming from Australia to play cricket in England next summer have been announced, and, as a consequence, the air is charged with excitement and controversy.

MAY I register my one gentle protest? May I ask you whether you don't think all this fuss is rather absurd, or, at any rate, a little out of proportion? There are other questions which suggest themselves to me. I wonder, for example, whether cricket is still a game, and I wonder also how much of this excitement is real. Head-lines in newspapers, cables from Australia, articles by special correspondents—the ballyhoo is so strident that all of us find the fever creeping into our minds. Just to get it off my chest, then, I would like to put it on record that more genuine cricket will be played on my little village green on Saturday afternoons than in all the Test Matches rolled together.

AND now let us surrender to the publicity microbe, and admit that the whole business of the coming fight for the Ashes really is rather stirring. "Fight" is the word, I think; we approach this series of games as if, already, we could see the dust of battle upon the horizon.

Here I make another prophecy, this time a definitely unpopular one. Australia, in my opinion, will regain the Ashes by a steadily increasing superiority throughout their tour. A touring team has the great advantage of playing consistently together, and becoming an efficient machine. It is also, to my mind, an advantage to be playing away from home : the team spirit is quickened, and a potent backs-to-the-wall attitude is developed.

ON more concrete grounds, too, I like the look of this Australian team. What an array of batsmen they have—the dour Woodfull, the brilliant and courageous McCabe, the crafty Ponsford, the stylish Kippax, and Bradman, greatest of them all, a scourge of bowlers indeed.

Bradman will break more records this summer, of that I 'm convinced. It is most unlikely that Larwood will be there to trouble him, and even if Larwood does play, he will not be the demon bowler of the last M.C.C. tour. I think, too, that McCabe will pile up the runs, for he is potentially the most devastating of the Australian batsmen.

Perhaps the superficial criticism that the Australian fielding is not up to snuff may be allowed, but that will surely improve, and Chipperfield, they tell me, is a brilliant slip field. Australia have not had a great slip fielder since Gregory.

THEN what about the bowling? Grimmett may not be deadly in Australia : he may be a veteran; our batsmen may say that they know his tricks. Put him upon English turf, though, and let him jerk down those spinners of his, and he will upset our best players again. Rather better than "Tich" Freeman is this Grimmett, and we cannot treat him lightly. Nor can we dismiss Fleetwood-Smith, the left-hand googly merchant. Hammond pasted the life out of him in Australia, it is true, but there again the difference between Australian and English wickets must be considered.

WALL and Ebeling may not have Larwood's speed, but they are fast enough : McCabe may take his wickets with fast-medium stuff : O'Reilly, six feet of him, with his easy action and his consistent length and his power of turning the ball both ways, will surely be a source of danger.

AUSTRALIA could have done with another left-hand bowler, but their attack is formidable enough even so. What is more, these Australians have the big-occasion temperament. I can see them now, in those voluminous caps of theirs, digging in and refusing to give an inch, spreading over the sunlit ground the atmosphere of relentless warfare. I always expect, even when the day goes disastrously against them, that every fraction of their tail will wag. They are never beaten until the last ball has been bowled.

THIS is as it should be, if we admit the need for such purposeful cricket, if we recognise the development of our summer game to this grim end. There

Addington Golf Club Entertain Cambridge University at Addington, and Win by Twelve Matches to Six

is a spice about it, without a doubt: it is no wonder that the public are clamouring for tickets, and I may as well admit that I am fixed up for the first Test at Nottingham myself.

But there have been other forms of fighting in the news lately. I went down to Cardiff for Jack Petersen's scrap with Charlie Smith, and I enjoyed the whole sixteen seconds of it. It was an amazing scene in the Greyfriars Hall there. The authorities had taken precautions, and squads of police and great barricades kept the crowds at bay. I was grateful for that: I 've had literally to fight my way into the Greyfriars Hall before now. And then that mass of Welsh enthusiasts, shouting for Petersen, and the swift leap of Petersen, the left-hand punch, and that glorious right to the jaw which sent poor Smith crashing to final defeat. Dramatic, there 's no doubt of it, and a sign that Petersen still has the fire which is his great asset.

Mind you, it proved nothing. Smith has never been in the front rank, and he is relatively a veteran. It was obvious that Petersen must win, but I was sorry that Smith should end his honourable career so ignominiously. A fine old war-horse, Charlie Smith, with that strange, awkward open stance of his, those staring eyes, that quick stabbing left, that swift chop with the right. He had no punch, though, and he went as far as his limited powers would carry him. Let us, at any rate, wish him a peaceful and prosperous retirement; we could do with more fighters as honest and as willing.

(1) Lister Hartley and D. H. R. Martin (winner of the President's Putter), of Addington. (2) Leslie Garnett (Addington). (3) J. F. B. Law (left) and W. G. Morgan, of Cambridge. (4) Charles Sweeny and Francis Ricardo, foursome partners for Addington. (5) C. L. Donovan and E. B. Tipping (Addington) and W. F. Ellis and R. T. Beck (Cambridge), foursome partners

I am told, by the way, that D. A. Kendrew, the English forward leader, is definitely out of action with knee trouble for the rest of the season. There have been many rumours, but that is final. England will miss him greatly, and I only hope that the English Selectors have had their last trouble with injuries this season. They have lost Kendrew, Novis and Aarvold, and such players as J. W. Forrest, C. Webb, A. Boast and R. Leyland have been on the injured list at critical times. England's luck is out this year.

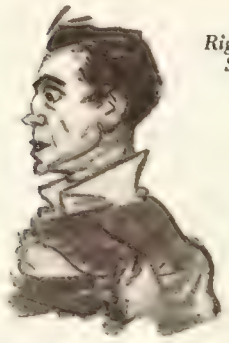
Sir Ian Colquhoun presenting Alex Bell (Leith Victoria B.C.) with the Cup after winning his bout against (left) Lord Douglas Hamilton (Oxford U.B.C.) at the Scottish Amateur Boxing Championships

The one-mile race in progress at the Cambridge University Inter-College Athletic Competition, showing S. C. Truslove (Trinity Hall) leading the field. He also won the half-mile and helped to beat Christ's by 61½ points to 37½. Christ's did badly until the last three events, when they secured three firsts in succession

A Few Old Haberdashers at Hendon

Dashed Off by Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

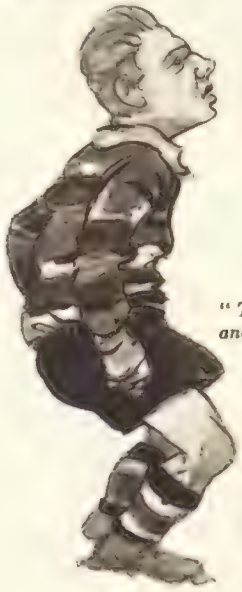
Tayler shows "King Kong" Nicoll a little bladder-blowing



Right: the Captain, Stanley Phillips

Below: Eric Moody, the Secretary and past Captain, and Cecil Mann, who is also a past Captain

Left: the Treasurer, George Jamieson, known to his friends as "the Cart-horse"



"Toby" Goldfield (left) and "Tich" Burton

Left: Freddy (ever) Green, 1923-4 and still going strong

Right: "Annie" Alexander, not feeling like Alexander the Great

The Headmaster, the Rev. F. J. Kemp

Right: "Jumbo" Jackman, a Middlesex County player

"It's raining, and bitter cold outside"

"Yes John my dear, you must have your

DEWAR'S

THE FAMOUS "White Label" CONQUERS THE COLD

Vandamm, New York.

"... Like Some Exquisite Ship"

Lynn Fontanne as Elena

JAMES Agate used that phrase of Lynn Fontanne when, writing of "Reunion in Vienna," he said: "This actress can listen as well as talk. . . . She can walk and she can stand still; becalmed in the middle of the stage she looks like some exquisite ship turning all about her to anchorage." Those provocative silences of hers, the dignity and grace of her movements, and the serene receptivity of her stillness remain most clearly in the memory out of all the delights of her performance in Robert Sherwood's play. Miss Fontanne is English by birth, American by success, and by her marriage to Alfred Lunt. She last appeared in London in 1929, in "Caprice." In her film, "The Guardsman," she proves herself as attractive a film-actress as she is a brilliant comedy-actress on the stage

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

HAIL, friends! This is our birthday, and although no one else cares, we 're delighted to wish ourselves many happy returns of the day. In this very issue last year we made our first public appearance, and began this series of observations on and anecdotes of such of the personalities and curious customs of the House as have from time to time taken our attention. We hope no one's been too cross or hurt with us, and we hope someone has laughed once, anyway, at our timid jokes. Neither the drawings nor the descriptions of members have always been meant to be taken literally—the element of caricature sometimes enters into both. In any case, there never has been any malice intended: we 've tried to amuse and not annoy. Incidentally, we 've often wondered whether a broker has ever had an order from someone who has liked his face as it appeared on this page.

To return to our weekly muttons . . . there are, for instance, the Swiss venturers to consider. Jimmy Tomkinson and F. W. Scott have been and come back; they returned looking as irritatingly, enviably well as winter-sportsmen always do look to the poor, pallid stay-at-homes, and full of good cheer. They are both large dealers in the gilt-edged market, and are much missed when they 're away. We remember talking of Jimmy Tomkinson's squash rackets exploits last year when on this same subject of Switzerland. Freddy Bramson has been out there as usual; he 'll be having his picture on this page one of these days. Harold Morris, brother of Morris Harvey, the actor, and a partner of "Sol" Lazarus, always goes out, and collects as good a sun-tan as anyone.

REGGIE HEAD is back again in the House after his long illness. All his friends were more than pleased to welcome him again, and the more so as there had at one time been serious doubts of his being able to return. He doesn't seem to have lost any of his old, cheery spirit, although he still looks as if he 'd been through a great strain. We hope the Head family's run of bad luck as regards health is now over; Mike Head, Reggie Head's son, was very ill about a year ago, too. A partner in their firm is Eustace Mordaunt, who has just got married to Miss Anne Gilmour, and is away in Austria on his honeymoon. Somehow or other he escaped from the House before his wedding without having any confetti thrown at him, which is more than most bridegrooms do. He gets his fair share of attention in the ordinary way because of his never-failing flow of bons mots, for which he is very rightly famous.

Colonel Carlebach

Jimmy Tomkinson

WE have a picture this week of F. W. Hackforth Jones and his beautiful curly beard. Mr. Hackforth Jones is very fond of his grandchildren, but his faith in the perspicacity of the child mind must have been somewhat shaken when a seven-year-old grandson innocently suggested that he should give his grandfather a shaving brush for Christmas. Mr. Hackforth Jones is a keen business man, a Radical of the old-fashioned type and a member of the Home Counties Liberal Association, and is greatly interested in the welfare of his less fortunate fellow-creatures. In his spare time he visits the inmates of both prisons and workhouses.

F. W. Hackforth Jones

COLONEL CECIL HUNTER has been in the news lately as captain of the English dancing team that defeated the Dutch team the other day; his picture was in the paper, holding the large cup that rewarded their victory. His dancing technique should make him an adept at rushing quickly through crowded markets without bumping into people when he 's in a hurry. He has a quiet and pleasant manner, is a keen amateur actor, and plays for the S.E.D.O.S.

ANOTHER news subject in the daily Press was the opening of the new club premises for the Stock Exchange Cadet Company, at 65, London Wall, which include orderly and sergeants' rooms, canteen, gymnasium, billiards and games rooms. Colonel Carlebach, the Brigade Commandant, whom Jonk has drawn, made an inspection of the place. It is not generally known that the new club is the gift of "Max" Karo—the little Major with the large voice—who is making a big recruiting appeal to firms in the House to encourage their junior staffs to enrol in the Company. Major Karo is a bachelor, and has adopted the cadets as his family; he devotes his time, labour and thoughts to them as a father might to his children.

MEMBERS who are also shareholders have been busy signing their voting papers authorising the proposed changes in the methods of electing the Committee. An immense amount of trouble has been taken in formulating the scheme, and it would be a thousand pities if it could not be put into effect because shareholders forgot to record their votes.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A Famous Military Partnership

By A. G. Macdonell

PROBABLY the most famous partnership in military history is the partnership of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy. From the very first day on which they met, they worked in perfect harmony, and by the time they had finished they had together destroyed the military power of Louis XIV. The senior partner, of course, was the Duke, but a great deal of the harmony was due to the tact and self-sacrifice of the Prince, who recognised genius when he saw it, and was prepared to serve under it. During the recent rush of biographies of Marlborough, Eugene of Savoy has become a figure of topical interest, and the publication of *Prince Eugène*, translated from the German of Paul Frischauer (Gollancz; 16*s.*), is therefore timely. A small, ugly man, the Prince was brought up at the Court of Louis and designed for the Church. But he had no desire to preach sermons, and, in the face of many snubbings and insults from his mighty patron, he left Paris to become a soldier. The diplomatic vagaries of the period threw him into the arms of Austria, and he rapidly became the foremost commander in Central Europe, and, in particular, the scourge and harrier of the Turks. He was present when Sobieski saved Vienna, and later he set the seal on his reputation by winning the great battle of Zenta, and later still smashed the Ottoman again, and triumphantly captured the fortress of Belgrade by assault. Herr Frischauer's book is long, and crammed with details. But he suffers from undue hero-worship. Marlborough's overwhelming predominance is toned down almost to a state of equality with Eugene, and Ramillies and Oudenarde are not mentioned; nor is Eugene's heavy defeat at Denain—not a murmur about it—nor about the retreat from Freiburg. This sort of thing minimises the value of the book as a history. And a further handicap is the indifferent quality of the translation and the appalling droves of exclamation-marks with which the text is peppered. Nor can one be very confident in a historian of the period who does not mention Trevelyan, Atkinson, or Belloc in his bibliography, and who can describe Sobieski's battle without reference to Mr. J. B. Morton's recent history. As for the total absence of index——. All the same, the character of Eugene is admirably drawn, and the subject is one of great interest.

"THE SCARLET FLOWER," by Thomas Rourke (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a story of a South American Republic of the sort that Mr. Cunningham Grahame wrote about recently. A Dictator, graft, cruelty, oppression, and tortures are lying heavily on the land. The Professors plot for an overthrow of the régime, but they are disorganised and harassed by fear and surrounded by agents provocateurs. Into this cauldron of misery is thrown by chance a young American engineer who is in the country boring for oil. He falls desperately in love with Raquel, an Irish-South-American girl who is fanatically enthusiastic about the Revolution. She, not in the least in love with him, becomes his mistress in order to

Walter Bird

Mrs. Eileen Bigland

Author of "Gingerbread House," a first novel, published by Arthur Barker, Ltd. Mrs. Bigland was a pupil of Pavlova and Isadora Duncan, and studied contemporary art, drama and letters in the intervals of teaching dancing

enlist him in the revolutionary ranks. For an American engineer would be a recruit of priceless value. Machinery for oil-drilling would soon be coming into the country, and what could be neater than to persuade the American to import some nice, new English rifles in packing-cases labelled "oil-drills"? So it is done. The revolution is a howling success, up to the moment of its success. After that, the revolutionaries shoot one another, and finally a Dictator seizes power who is just as bad as the old one, and almost his first act is to deport the young American and send Raquel to a dungeon for five years on the false charge of being an anti-clerical.

MR. ROURKE is a writer of considerable power. His style is crisp and forcible, and his descriptions are often admirable. But *The Scarlet Flower* is a subject that is too big for him. He has made a slight story where he had material for a big, powerful book. It is something in his favour, though, that he chose a big subject. I prefer neat little sketches upon a large canvas to neat little sketches upon the eighth part of the back of a postage-stamp, which is what a lot of the moderns go in for. Mr. Rourke at least has ambitions, and I think he may produce something big one day.

THE title of *Scotland Through French Eyes*, by Paule Henry-Bordeaux (Methuen; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is not nearly so good, or so accurate, as the original title, which was *Fantômes d'Écosse*. For the book is more of a Guide Book to Edinburgh for the French, with some chapters on the Scott country. The authoress has made a most attractive job of it. She knows very well her history of the Auld Alliance, and she takes the Castle tower by tower, and century by century, sketching in the dark deeds that were done within its walls and that are as much a part of the history of France as of Scotland. (She does not mention the last link, so far, in the story of the Alliance, how every year, on November 13th, the Standard of Scotland flies from the Mairie of Beaumont-Hamel in memory of the recapture of the village by the Highland Division.)

This is a most delightful little book, written with knowledge and sympathy.

MESSRS. VAL GIELGUD and Holt Marvell are well known to the British public as purveyors of radio plays. But they are versatile gentlemen and from time to time collaborate in producing a detective novel. Their latest, *Death at Broadcasting House* (Rich and Cowan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is fresh in that the murder takes place in an original setting instead of the old-fashioned country house and the new-fashioned express train. They have actually had the nerve to kill their man within the sacred gates of the B.B.C. building in Portland Place. The murder is done at the exact moment when a man is being theatrically strangled in a radio play. There are the usual crowd of suspects, each and all of whom might have done the deed. The authors write with sparkle and vivacity, but for the rest the book follows the now stereotyped lines of almost all such books. The solution is ingenious, and the plans of the various studios are clearly drawn, but I do not think that the motive for the abolition of the seedy little actor is very convincing. However, it is an entertaining book and thoroughly worth reading.

FOR readers of detective fiction I strongly recommend also Miss Dorothy Sayers' *Nine Tailors* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which brings back that capital fellow, Lord Peter Wimsey. If Lord Peter only spoke with a Belgian accent, he would be as famous as Poirot himself.

Arty and Crafty

Painting, Posing and Dancing Pictured

Right: a scene from "The Green Table," at the Gaiety, given by the Ballets Jooss, which is a biting satire on the part played by finance in causing war between nations

Lipnitzki, Paris

At the Gaiety: Ballets Jooss Returns to London

Nikitina's Latest Portrait

Above: Mlle. Nikitina, the famous dancer, who was one of the stars of the Russian Ballet, posing in the studio of Mr. Baltran Masses, the well-known Parisian painter, for her portrait

Right: Gaston and Andrée, the well-known dancers, the latter of whom is credited with the most perfect figure in the world, who now devote most of their time to teaching slimming and body culture

Walter Bird

Gaston and Andrée—Living Statuary

Débutantes of 1934

A Second Selection

Bassano

Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth

Above: Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth is the débutante daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noel Livingstone - Learmonth, and will also be presented during the season. Her elder sister married Mr. Peter Wiggin a few months ago. The Livingstone - Learmonths live down in Dorset

Tunbridge

Miss Cecelia Hamilton-Wedderburn

Miss Cecelia Hamilton-Wedderburn, is "coming out" this year, and will be presented at Court during the summer. She is the daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. H. K. Hamilton-Wedderburn

Hay Wrightson

Miss Jane Blois

Left: Miss Jane Blois, who is eighteen, is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Dudley Blois, D.S.O., and Mrs. Blois, and a cousin of Sir Ralph Blois. Mrs. Blois' father was the late Admiral Sir Compton Domville, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Hay Wrightson

Miss Elizabeth Hacking

Miss Elizabeth Hacking is the only daughter of Capt. Douglas Hacking, P.C., O.B.E., M.P., and Mrs. Hacking. Her father is the Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Home Office, and has represented the Chorley Division of Lancashire in the House since 1918

Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion by Madge Garland

THE exquisite exhibition of quilting which was shown at the Forum Club last week is a timely reminder that all handicrafts are not dead and, what is still more important, that all crafts are not nauseatingly arty-crafty. Whether or not lace-making is considered an art or a craft I don't know, but it is one which appears to be on the up-grade if I am to judge by a display of lingerie I saw the other day. Here the loveliest point-de-Paris, Binche and Milan, considered by our mothers as the possible companions only of the finest linen or lawn, were joined invisibly to the most diaphanous chiffon to make nightgowns of indisputable beauty and worth. My own tastes being less extravagant I chose a nightgown of extreme simplicity which had nothing but its exquisite cut to recommend it (and the beautiful faggotting which joined its seams). The sketch in the bottom right-hand corner of this page, which you probably take to be an evening gown, is it and no other, but drawn by our artist with a commendable amount of modesty.

ONE of my friends asked me the other day if I would mind awfully telling her where I had seen such-and-such a thing because she would like to acquire same. I complied the more readily because, not only have I a charming disposition, but I am actually supposed among my other duties (too numerous to mention) to answer all sorts of queries and to make myself as useful as possible to our readers. So if you write to me and I have to answer you, you are at least giving me a chance not only of doing my one good deed a day but of discharging what a stern Editor tells me is my duty.

INCIDENTALLY I know of some stockings which are absolutely grand. I'm not saying they're cheap, they're not (at least, by my standards), but they wear immeasurably longer than the ordinary variety. They've a tiny fish-net weave and fit the ankles like stockings should do, and often don't. . . . I'm told it's an admixture of cotton which keeps them Fanny-Warded for months.

THEN I've also come across a face treatment which is painless, both during and after. I mean, you're not burnt by astringents and then frozen by ice and look divine when you're made up and sag suddenly before the party's over. Everything used smells of flowers, you're soothed and mothered and practically sung to sleep and they've a mask which really does lighten your skin and make it look fresh. A visit once a week quickly, and you'll be able to face the first spring sunshine with equanimity.

IF you're tired of your glass initials, and I'm tired of my male friends straightening their ties and my girl friends smirking at their noses in mine, there are some new enamel ones which are very smart for sports wear. Tall, thin letters in bright coloured enamel and set on long chromium pins. You can get all letters, or combinations to order, and they're not expensive.

AN accessory which is exactly what a spring suit requires if the weather is too warm for foxes or the wearer does not happen to own a pair, is a black-and-white plaid taffeta piece of nonsense around the neck. This was devised by Lanvin, but can be bought here together with matching gloves. The taffeta is bunched into several loops under the chin, but is so made that it needs no arrangement and is extremely simple to take on and off. Sketch somewhere about on this page.

SOME people collect china, others celebrities, while a few still cling to stamps, but I have more sympathy for those who are amateurs of the dressing-gown. For these select few there is a new type just out, it is made of wool so finely spun that the garment is feather-weight. It is cut on the smartest of masculine lines and comes in red and blue (I'm not sure about green) with white dots on it, not round ones, but oval, just to be different. It can be packed in about the same space as a woollen pull-over and will never crease no matter how badly you pack it, and will always look smart even when getting on in months.

M. G.

AS OUR MOTHERS LOOKED

AND

AS WE WOULD LOOK IF PORTRAYED BY AN ARTIST OF 1884

AS WE LOOK TODAY

FORTY years ago the Yellow Book was delighting or outraging London, Oscar Wilde was wearing green carnations, the Souls were trying to convert the Philistines, William Morris was trying to reform interior decorating by covering walls and fabrics with irises, briar roses and sunflowers and Dr. Jaeger was gradually persuading the public to wear hygienic woollen clothing.

On due consideration we must agree that it is the last-named who has been the most successful. Blank white walls have replaced the busy romanticism of Morris, Souls are the limited interest of the Oxford Movement, green carnations would cause no surprise in a world of florists who dare to dye their lilac pink and their tulips blue, and the *New Yorker* (not to mention THE BYSTANDER) has replaced the Yellow Book.

Dr. Jaeger's work continues, the public knows that no one has heard a sheep sneeze (one of the wittiest advertisements of a year which saw such clever publicity as the Shell series about the Loch Ness Monster), but the modest business established by him just fifty years ago has developed in a most surprising way.

HALF a century ago our mothers looked like four of the figures shown on the opposite page, but if you look carefully you will see that the remaining three figures show costumes of contemporary design—are, in fact, the same three models illustrated on tl is page. Just a matter of presentation, but one which is indicative of the change which has taken place in our clothes and our manners.

We continue to wear hygienic clothing, far more hygienic than our mothers or even Dr. Jaeger dreamed of, but how attractive it is ! Consider the young lady in the shorts of grey worsted flannel, beautifully cut with a well-fitting yoke and deep pleats in front, and her adorable little woollen shirt, pin striped in red or blue and white. Both Jaeger 1934 models. So is the Paisley silk dress in the centre. Jaeger do not often forsake the tradition of wool but when they do it is for something really unusual. On the right is exactly the spring coat we all want. Diagonally striped in beige and dull green, collarless but with wide revers and chosen from a dozen equally attractive models. M. G.

Golf Clubs at Home

Medal Day at Nevill, near Tunbridge Wells

(1) W. Brown and J. S. Cowley going to the ninth. (2) J. Whitehead chatting to R. Torpy. (3) G. S. Clayton, Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Cattell, D.S.O., the Nevill Club Secretary, and C. L. Davies. (4) Captain C. A. Weeks and W. Smith. (5) A. Padgham and H. G. Wallace starting out

(6) A. J. Haward and F. S. Harris, who is the Captain of the Nevill Club

(7) H. N. Brooks and G. R. Kinder outside the pavilion of the Nevill Club

(8) L. H. Davis and P. Magoris photographed at the fourteenth tee

(9) Captain L. J. Jones, General H. O. Knox (Vice-President), W. S. Whisler, and W. Blake Hoges

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE present the new 'Van-Wray' Specialised Modes for Ladies who are small in height. Cleverly designed on flattering lines to add inches to the small figure, these new 'Van-Wray' Models make alteration charges unnecessary. If you cannot call, write to Marshalls for the new 'Van-Wray' Booklet.

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Model 25.

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

THE Sunningdale Golf Club is inaugurating a new Foursome Tournament, which is to be held at Sunningdale on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 29th, 30th, and 31st of March next.

To my mind, there cannot be too many foursome events, for I would sooner play in a foursome than take part in any other game of golf. There are, I know, a great many people who agree with me, and I should think that, on that score alone, the Sunningdale Golf Club is assured of a good entry. But this particular Tournament is definitely original, and will give the only opportunity in the golfing year for ladies and professionals to compete with and against each other in a competitive event.

The Tournament is open to all golfers and is to be played by match play over eighteen holes under special handicap. This handicap has been very carefully worked out by the authorities at Sunningdale and results as follows: All male professionals will play off plus two: all ladies, whether amateur or professional, will play off four, and all other golfers, including assistant professionals, will play off scratch. Any combination of partnership may enter, and the matches will be played under full difference of the handicap. This means to say that two professionals, if playing together, total plus four and will, therefore, have to concede twelve strokes to a partnership of two ladies, who total eight. To give another example: should a professional and a lady play together, their combined handicap is two, and they will, therefore, receive two strokes from a couple playing off scratch.

Before going into the very interesting possibilities it should be noted that if more than sixty-four couples enter, fifty couples will be selected by the Committee and put into the draw; the remaining entries will be required to qualify by eighteen holes against bogey for fourteen places on Wednesday, March 28th. All matches are to be played to a finish, and if extra holes have to be played, strokes will be conceded at the same holes as in the first round.

I SHOULD like to congratulate Sunningdale on the originality of thought which conceived this competition, for it occurs to me that it is going to be great fun, and

A New Competition

I should also like to congratulate Sunningdale on the ingenuity which is being shown in the decision with regard to handicaps. They have been contrived in such a way that it is very doubtful whether two professionals playing together have the best chance. It seems to me that there is one obvious choice which I would be prepared to back if it came into being, and that would be Miss Wethered partnered by a first-class amateur golfer. They would be handicapped at four, for Miss Wethered is entitled to her four, and her amateur partner would have to play off scratch.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy: 1934

Holder: L. B. Sanderson (Nairn)

The date of "The Bystander's" Open Meeting under Handicap has been definitely fixed for

April 7th and 8th.

Further details will be announced shortly.

That would mean that if they were playing two professionals in partnership they would receive eight strokes, and I, personally, think that that would be more than sufficient. It would also mean that if they were playing against two amateur golfers they would receive four strokes, and as it is my opinion that Miss Wethered in a foursome is rather better than most first-class amateur golfers, the inference is obvious. I think Miss Wethered and an amateur would be the strongest partnership in which she could take part, because if she played with a professional their combined handicap would be two, and there are not many professionals who can pull their weight in a foursome as well as they can aid a side, say, in a four-ball match when they are striking their own ball the whole time.

THE various combinations of partnerships are many and interesting: two professionals naturally would form the back markers at plus four: a professional and an amateur would come next at plus two: two amateurs or assistants next at scratch: a professional and a lady next at two: an amateur or assistant and a lady next at four: and, finally, two ladies at eight. When it is remembered that the full difference of handicap is given, it is realised with what fiendish ingenuity the handicapping committee of Sunningdale has done its work. Personally, I think that two professionals could concede four strokes to two amateurs very much more easily than they could concede twelve strokes to two ladies.

THE form in which the prizes are to be given is also a triumph for the authorities of Sunningdale, in that they have given an incentive to a professional to attempt to win in partnership either with an amateur or with a lady. For to each of the winners, if entitled to receive a money prize, thirty pounds will be given, but if there is only one professional in the winning partnership he will receive forty pounds; and either or each of the runners-up, if entitled to receive a money prize, will receive fifteen pounds, but if there is only one playing with an amateur he will receive twenty pounds. I consider this a very good idea, for I think the competition will be more fun if the professionals are divided up between the amateurs, assistants, and ladies.

FINALLY, it should be noted that competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club from March 26th to the 31st inclusive, but that, as it is impossible to arrange accommodation for ladies in the Club-house itself, arrangements will be made for them at the Dormy House Club.

An important extract from the regulations for this Tournament is that Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to it. All disputes will be settled by the Committee, whose decision shall be final.

To all my readers who may be interested in this Tournament I should like to point out that entries will close first post on Tuesday, March 20th, and should be addressed to The Secretary, Sunningdale Golf Club, Berkshire.

The Herts County Professional Golfers' Alliance Meeting at Porters Park

Mr. E. H. Marquis (Welwyn Garden City), Major F. Drake (Broxbourne), L. I. Titteridge (Welwyn Garden City), and Mr. C. J. Randall (Broxbourne)

Capt. C. G. Gardyne (Harpenden) seen filling in his card. With him is Mr. O. C. Bergin (Verulam)

Col. E. J. Haughton (Sandy Lodge) photographed at the first tee

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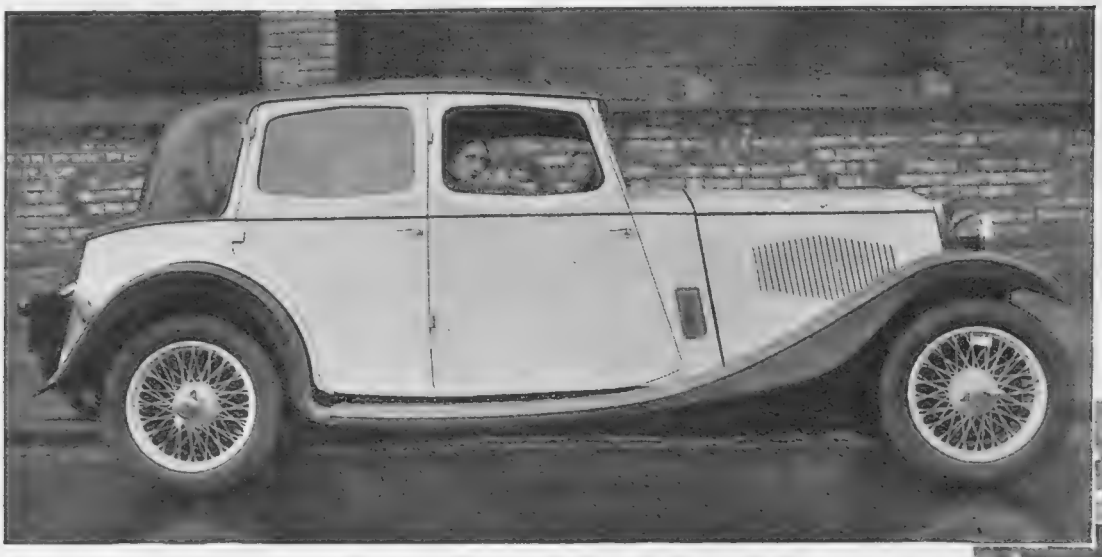

Left: a Riley is invariably a good-looking car, and this "Six-Twelve" Mentone saloon is certainly no exception to the rule. Its graceful "lines" are a conspicuous feature

Below: the six-cylinder engine has a very lively performance. No space is wasted underneath the bonnet, as is shown by the conveniently situated tool-kit

Cars with a Personality

The Riley "Six-Twelve"

By The Earl of Cardigan

SINCE it is not the policy of the Riley Company to bring out new models at frequent intervals, my recent test of the "Six-Twelve" Mentone saloon was merely the renewal of an earlier acquaintanceship. None the less, I soon found myself driving this car with the same pleasure and zest that I remember experiencing in the first instance. Herein lies the Riley's great virtue: it is a car which can always be driven with pleasure, and which will inspire the driver with an immediate and gratifying sense of confidence.

Needless to say, many minor improvements have been carried out to secure increased all-round efficiency. The maximum speed is now close on 70 m.p.h., and something over 55 m.p.h. can be obtained in the usefully high third gear. Except when pushed up to its highest "revs," the engine runs with remarkable smoothness, and at all times is notable for its acceleration and responsiveness.

The gears are of the "common or garden" variety, but by no means the less agreeable for that. Gear-changing is not difficult, but merely demands a modicum of skill and attention such as many drivers are glad to apply. Only the complete novice is likely to encounter any problems, and even he may find consolation in the car's very creditable top-gear flexibility.

Good steering and road-holding play an important part in making this Riley attractive to handle. Like all cars which come of a racing stock, it "sits down" on the road with admirable steadiness under all conditions. Light steering action is combined with just the right degree of self-centring effect, so that bends can be taken without hesitation at relatively high speeds.

The brakes are remarkably efficient, although a firm pressure on the pedal is required. To many drivers, this will seem an advantage rather than otherwise, since there need be no apprehension when an emergency calls for brisk and sudden braking action. My own preference is emphatically in favour of the brake which is a shade "heavy" rather than that which is embarrassingly "light." Riley brakes, incidentally, are instantly adjustable from the driving seat, even when the car is in motion.

Wide doors and central control make it a simple matter to get in and out. A neat feature is the arm-rest which has been built into the door itself

Throughout the body, space has been very intelligently used. The back seat, as it should be, is within the wheel-base, yet there is always plenty of leg-room

The luggage locker is a genuine asset. It is large enough to hold a really substantial quantity of luggage, yet it in no way encroaches on the passenger accommodation

The springing, at high and medium speeds, is very comfortable. At low speeds, however, it is distinctly on the "hard" side. The result is that the car rides most easily on the open road, while a "rippled" street surface affects it quite considerably.

It is needless to say of the coachwork that it has well-proportioned and attractive "lines." I know of no better-looking small car than the Riley, and it is sufficient praise of the "Mentone" saloon to say that it well maintains the high standard of appearance which is to be expected of it. Apart from mere looks, it is extremely comfortable, and the space available has been very cleverly utilised to provide ample leg-room for all passengers, in addition to a useful luggage locker. At £348, this "Six-Twelve" model should continue to prove popular among discerning motorists.

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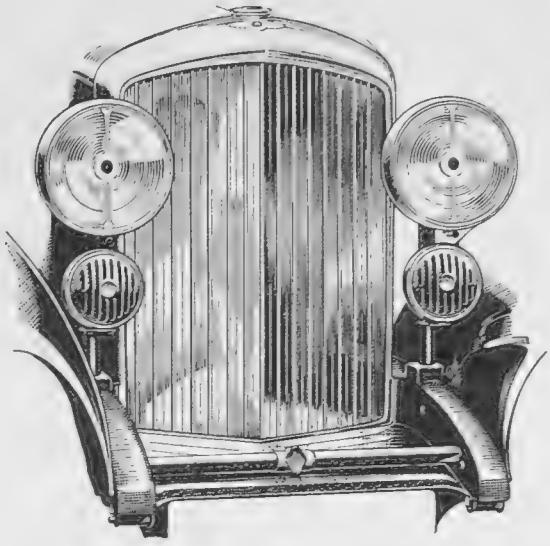

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Equally as remarkable as the riding qualities of the car was its extraordinary silence. Indeed, although it is definitely a sports car with almost racing car performance it glides along so silently, however fast, and in whatever gear, that practically the only sound heard is the wind in the radiator and the hiss of the tyres on the road—Manchester Daily Dispatch

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Brighter and Earlier Flying

By Charles Ward

The Clubs Are Getting Busy

ALTHOUGH Spring has not arrived, it is light enough for a circuit before breakfast, and flying times at the aerodromes already show the effect of enthusiasm for the early-morning "flip" or "corpse-reviver." The London Club, with thirty-three hours, and the R.A.F. Reserve, also at Hatfield, with more than sixty flying hours in one week of January, have set a standard which should encourage the others. Major "Jack" Beaumont, R. C. Presland, Eric Stammers, "Lamps" of Lloyd's, and Will Hay, the comedian, are amongst members of the London Club Committee for 1934. The first multi-engined de Havilland air-liner has been up for flying trials. It was incautious enough to stray over Heston whilst Captain Birkett was talking to a man with a camera, and ten minutes later they were taking pictures which were reproduced in an evening paper. This photography from the air is all very interesting and important, but from the counties there have been mild protests that rural pursuits are no longer what they were, now that the inquisitive eye of the camera sees all. In far-off California, there was the authentic case of some idle survey pilot making a mosaic of a nudist colony engaged in an afternoon siesta. The excuse that he was testing his lens was not accepted, for the films, when developed, showed several close-up oblique views of the quarry on the run. Admittedly, this has nothing to do with the clubs over here, which are, as I have said, getting ready for a busy season in the air.

Rumour Has It

DURING the next financial year, the Royal Air Force is to be oiled partly from Russia. Fortunately, the refining and blending of the finished product will be carried out in England and will give employment to British labour to the extent of at least thirty-five per cent. of the contract price. Should a war arise during the next financial year, it is rumoured that a suitable Imperial substitute would be invented at Farnborough. The Royal Air Force is to be increased in strength by at least four squadrons, which, taken in conjunction with the building programme in certain foreign countries, will only reduce us from fifth to sixth place in the air.

The Fascination of Air Travel

I HAVE been reading again Sir Harry Brittain's book, *By Air*, which is an entertaining record of some of his travel experiences in the higher plane. Accurate facts, amusing anecdotes, and superb illustrations make this book an ideal gift for a friend who is not yet a confirmed air traveller, yet at the same time it is well worth the attention of those who appreciate the value of flying and are still fascinated by a view of the world from above. The story is concerned very largely with the work of Imperial Airways, the company which links London with the Cape every week and will soon be working right through to Australia.

Miss D. R. Wooding, the Northamptonshire women's golf champion, being presented with "The Bystander" Challenge Cup for winning most "Bystander" spoons during 1933. Miss Wooding won five. The Cup was handed to her by Mrs. G. Thom, Captain of Kingsthorpe G.C., Ladies' Section, the Club to which Miss Wooding belongs

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

INTERESTING things of one sort or another are always happening at Sunningdale, and one of the most interesting looks as if it would come off at the end of March. The Club is going to hold a foursome tournament, which will be open to all golfers in any combination of partnership. That means that two professional men may play together, or two ladies, either amateur or professional, or two men amateurs, or a professional man with an amateur lady—I 'm beginning to get dizzy. How many combinations you could make out of this seems to me to require a brain only comparable to that of the man who thought out the dialling system for the telephone.

ALL the same, the upshot of it is that it does not matter whether you are an amateur, a professional or assistant, or what your sex, you may play with anybody and will be appropriately handicapped. Of course, discussion will rage furiously over whether those handicaps really are appropriate, for all professional men will play off plus two; ladies, whether amateur or professional, will play off four; professional assistants or amateur golfers will play off scratch, but—and here is one of the interesting points of the whole thing—matches are to be played under full difference of handicap. None of your half handicaps or three-eights of the difference, or any mathematical complications like that. If two professionals are playing together their joint handicaps will be plus four, and if they should meet two ladies playing together, the ladies' joint handicap would be eight and they would therefore receive twelve strokes from their opponents.

ALL this is going to be great fun. It is even exhilarating to think out now what it all means translated into terms of actual golfers. On paper, it sounds as if the ladies were being very kindly treated, assuming, of course, that they have the length to get over Sunningdale carries from the tees used. A good deal will depend on how those tees are chosen. But assume, for the sake of argument, that Miss Wethered and Mrs. Garon should play together and should meet Perry and Dailey. The ladies are going to receive twelve strokes. Now I should be very surprised if Miss Wethered and Mrs. Garon could not get round either of the Sunningdale courses in 79, which would mean that the men must be round in 67 even to halve with them. That sounds tough enough in all conscience. But imagine Miss Wethered, or Miss Wilson, shall we say, playing with the Hon. Michael Scott, Mr. Dale Bourn, or Mr. Cyril Tolley (complete with halo—you see, I bow to you, Mr. Fairlie and Mr. Harris!). The plight of a pair of pros opposing them would be even more parlous. Eight strokes to give to such a combination! They would indeed be doughty men who could carry that weight and live. I really do foresee all sorts of fun, and am wondering whose was this brilliant idea.

I DON'T often write you real golfing reflections. One has occurred to me to-day, the result of nothing more exciting than allowing somebody to take photographs of me hitting the ball. The reflection is the supreme value of the follow-through, not because, in itself, it can affect the flight of the ball, but because the attempt to get

(*Continued on page* ii)

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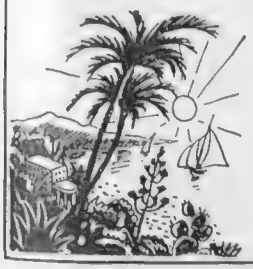

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A view of "Le Golf de Mandelieu," the golf course at Cannes, which, with its pine trees and its views of Cannes, the hills behind, and the blue Mediterranean in the foreground, is one of the most attractive courses in Europe

Left:
Mrs. George Hunter, who is over seventy, has just won the Middlesex Alliance Cup, played for under handicap at Ashford Manor. Thirty years ago Mrs. Hunter was one of the best players in the country, and represented England in 1902, 1903, and 1905

Women's Golf *(Continued from page 268)*

oneself in the right position after the ball is hit achieves that desirable object at the moment of impact. When I knew that my friend was photographing the follow-through I managed to hit the ball in the centre of the club. When it was, on the contrary, the top of the back-swing which was to be recorded, I hurried and flurried, the shot finished anyhow, and I hit the ball abominably: the moral of which is stern enough for anybody—"Think of your latter end." And it was exactly the same when the friend and I swopped clubs and camera, and I took her. So the perfect follow-through is not merely an appendage, nor an accessory after the fact, but a cause of inspiration.

SOME people seem to look upon next-door neighbours as problems or bores. Dorset and Hampshire Ladies' County Golf Associations have a much better use for them than that. Being themselves next to each other on the map, but debarred from meeting in the County Championship because the dividing line of south-west and south-east runs between them, they play an annual match against each other before the county season starts. This does not count for any championship, but is a most valuable trial match for both of them. Really, it makes one quite envious. Why cannot every county living on a border do likewise, instead of thinking themselves obliged to hold one of those depressing affairs when captain's team plays the secretary's, with an inconclusive result, or Blankshire I. plays Blankshire II., and smothers them? That sort of trial is so hard to make either useful or pleasurable. Chilly officials stand about, not really seeing anything of use, because just the doubtful last year teamsters who ought to be tried are so apt to be offended if asked to play, thinking their place should be a certainty, whilst promising youngsters find the occasional eye of a captain appearing round a gorse bush harder to face than a whole crowd at any other time. Dorset and Hants are spared all that. They played each other in a real good, tooth-and-nail match the other day; Hampshire won by the odd match, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed the sun and the blue Solent at Barton-on-Sea. Mrs. Clarke, Hampshire's captain and leader, yet had enough attention to give to her own game to beat Miss Mary Beard; Miss Wade followed by beating Mrs. Latham Hall; in fact, it was an interesting opening to a season that Hampshire look like making a lucky one.

Yours ever, E. E. HELME.

The Editor's Box

Villa Leopolda, at Villefranche, between Nice and Beaulieu, belongs to Mr. John Campbell Blair. Earlier in the season it was stated in the Press that the Princess Royal had taken the Villa, but these reports were subsequently denied. The view from the terrace of the villa, looking over Villefranche Harbour, is superb

A Manchester Motor Show

Should London and Edinburgh have a monopoly of motor shows? The Ford Motor Company evidently thinks otherwise, for a special exhibition of Ford products, organised on a large scale and covering every aspect of modern road transport, is to be held in the City Hall of Manchester from February 12th to 17th. This should prove a real attraction to North of England motorists and business men. Ford vehicles of every type will be on view, ranging from baby cars to agricultural tractors, and including, of course, the latest "V-8" Ford, which is known to keen drivers for its striking road performance. It is claimed that for practically every transport need a Ford product will be displayed.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

BIRTHDAY.—Marie Löhr, Jessica Tandy, Brian Aherne are in the excellent cast of Rodney Ackland's play: Cambridge, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of university life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

HENRY V.—Shakespeare's war pageant produced on a large scale, with Godfrey Tearle as Henry, Yvonne Arnaud as Katherine, Franklin Dyall as Pistol: Alhambra, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—The first Vic-Wells presentation of Wilde's comedy, with Charles Laughton as Dr. Chasuble: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE RIVALS.—Lady Tree, Joyce Carey, Baliol Holloway, and Frank Cellier in the cast of Sheridan's play: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN.—Dorothy Hyson acts delightfully as a girl who wants to run her marriage as a love affair; Colin Keith-Johnstone plays the husband, Joyce Barbour the sharp-tongued sister, in Maxwell Anderson's play: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred, and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING, 1600.—Emlyn Williams' new comedy, with Joyce Bland, Isabel Jeans, Ian Hunter, produced by John Gielgud: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph in a modern and musical version of Dick Whittington's story: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EAST LYNNE.—Mrs. Henry Wood's Victorian melodrama amuses its Georgian audiences; Helena Pickard as "the dove" and Edgar K. Bruce as "the serpent": Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUITTER.—An American gangster play, with Eve Gray as the heroine: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE.—James Bridie's new play, with Ralph Richardson, Sophie Stewart, and Phyllis Shand: Globe, to-night, 8.30.

WITHIN THE GATES.—Sean O'Casey's new play: Royalty, to-night.

OPERA AND BALLET

BALLETS JOOSS.—The programme of this company's second season in London includes a new ballet, "Sept Chasseurs," as well as "La Table Verte" and other previous successes: Gaiety, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.45.

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

ANNA AND ELISABETH.—Hertha Thiele and Dorothea Wieck, of "Mädchen in Uniform" fame, in a beautifully photographed film: Cinema House.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.—Brian Aherne and Victoria Hopper in the film version of Margaret Kennedy's book, directed by Basil Dean: New Gallery.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT.—All about smuggling Chinese into California, directed by James Cruze, and starring Claudette Colbert and Ben Lyon. Also the much-discussed "Whither Germany?": Leicester Square.

I'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West's "Come up and see me some time" film continues to be amusing, vulgar, and full of life: Carlton.

LE PETIT ROI.—The boy-star, Robert Lynen ("Poil de Carotte"), in a new film: Rialto.

LIEBELEI.—Magda Schneider and Wolfgang Liebeneimer in Arthur Schnitzler's Old-Vienna romantic tragedy: Academy.

LITTLE WOMEN.—Katharine Hepburn in the film version of Louisa M. Alcott's book; all America sobbed over it: Regal.

SILLY SYMPHONIES.—A new Walt Disney programme of Symphonies and Mickey Mouse films, including "Babes in the Wood" and "Bears and Bees": Tatler.

MUSIC

Orchestral

COURTAULD-SARGENT. — The London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Julius Harrison, plays a Mozart programme; Artur Schnabel is the concerto soloist: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

B.B.C.—Adrian Boult conducts; Frederic Lamond is the soloist in Beethoven's Concerto No. 3; Mozart and Mahler complete the programme: Queen's Hall, February 7th, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Strauss's Suite from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Brahms's violin Concerto (Georg Kulenkampf), and Balakirev's C major Symphony are conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham: Queen's Hall, February 8th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.—The L.P.O. plays a Mahler-Beethoven-Strauss programme, conducted by Robert Heger; Georg Kulenkampf is the soloist: Queen's Hall, February 11th, 3.15.

ERNEST BLOCH conducts the L.P.O. in a programme of his own works: Queen's Hall, February 12th, 8.15.

ELIJAH.—A spectacular presentation in eight scenes, with 1000 performers, conducted by Albert Coates: Royal Albert Hall, twice daily, from February 12th.

Recitals

LILI KRAUSS AND DANIEL KARPILOWSKI.—Piano and violin sonata recital: Aeolian Hall, February 1st, 8.30.

SZIGETI.—Gives his only recital this season at a National Sunday League Concert: Palladium, February 4th, 3.15.

RUDA FIRKUSNY.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, February 8th, 8.30.

KUTCHER QUARTETTE.—The second of their three recitals: Wigmore Hall, February 9th, 8.30.

HAROLD SAMUEL plays a Mozart-Bach-Mendelssohn programme: Wigmore Hall, February 10th, 3.

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN.—Piano recital for the National Sunday League Concerts: Palladium, February 11th, 3.15.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Café de Paris Girls dance at ten and midnight; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Mary McCormic (Princess S. Mdivani) the New York prima-donna, makes her first London appearance; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Sandra Swenska, from "Casanova" of Paris, makes a welcome return; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzie Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Frances Williams, the American stage and screen star, entertains attractively; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—Walsh and Arnold, the American singers, are still here, and Frakson, "the man with a hundred cigarettes," completes the bill: extension night, Friday.

VANITY FAIR.—A place to dance at into the larger small hours, to a band that's as rhythmically good as it is small.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House.

NATIONAL SOCIETY: Royal Institute Galleries, February 7th.

MARLBOROUGH LOAN EXHIBITION: Chesterfield House.

"PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES."—Loan exhibition: 25, Park Lane, February 13th.

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW: Agricultural Hall, February 7—8th.

SPORT

RUGGER.—England v. Ireland, Dublin, February 10th. Royal Navy v. Royal Air Force: Twickenham, February 10th.

SQUASH RACKETS.—British Women's Championships: Queen's Club, February 5th—9th.

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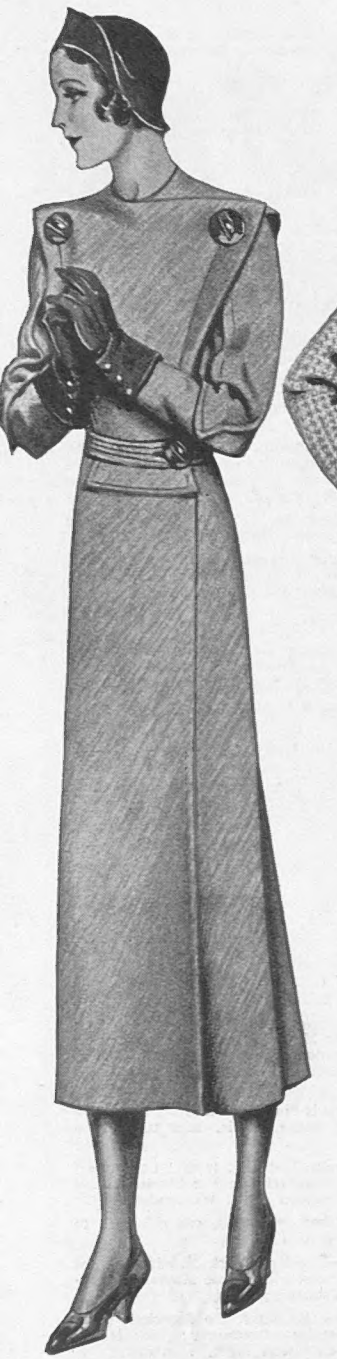

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For many years Larola has been widely acknowledged as the purest and most soothing skin tonic available. Faces and hands that are treated regularly with this delicate lotion are entirely free from roughness, redness, chaps and unsightly cracks. Larola will bring you skin beauty. . . . soft, white, delicate hands and a flower-like complexion. Use it also as a base for powder. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Larola to-day

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

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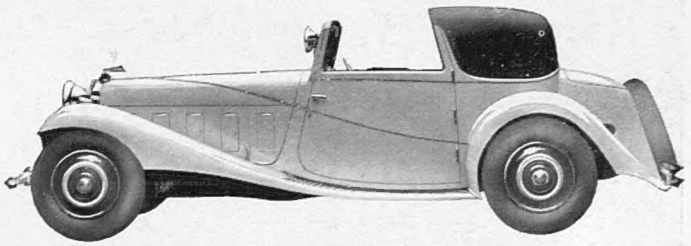
A good car, a good body, and— "Float-on-Air" the **luxury** upholstery



Sedanca coupe body by J. Gurney Nutting & Co., Ltd. on a 100 m.p.h. Delage Chassis.

The better body-builders know that their Productions cannot reach perfection without the best of upholstery. Messrs. J. Gurney Nutting & Co., in designing their Sedanca Coupe body have used "Float-on-Air" pneumatic upholstery.

The luxurious comfort of "Float-on-Air" is permitted by the cushion of air beneath the user, which completely absorbs the fine, insidious, imperceptible vibration, and protects the nervous system against headaches and fatigue. The seat moulds itself to the shape of the user with equal pressure at every point of contact (making hard spots impossible) and gives to the movement of the body.

The amazing comforts of "Float-on-Air" can be obtained on your own car, for the upholstery can be converted to "Float-on-Air" by any body builder at a moderate cost as the list of conversion prices shows. Or—if you are ordering a new car "Float-on-Air" will, on demand, be fitted by the manufacturer. It is fitted to certain models of cars manufactured by Morris, Austin, Wolseley, Crossley, Aston Martin, Marendaz.

LOW COST OF CONVERSION

	SEAT CUSHION Front	Rear
Austin 10 - -	28/6	58/6
Morris 10 (all models)	31/-	58/6
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Hillman (Minx) -	28/6	67/-
Standard (9 & 10)	28/6	67/-
Vauxhall (light 6)	28/6	67/-
Daimler 15 - -	33/6	67/-

Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat.

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cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

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old everywhere 6d 1- 2/- & 4/-

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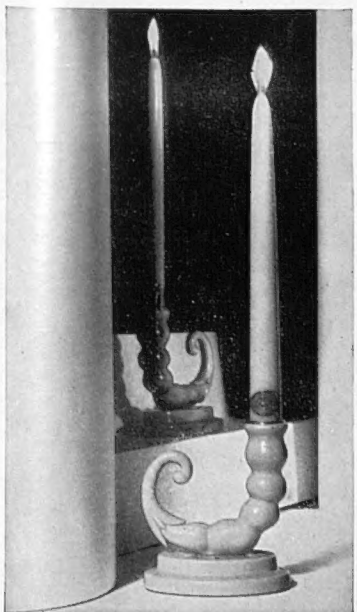
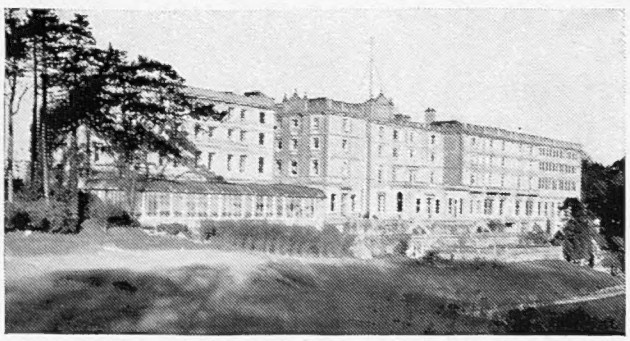


PRICE'S Venetian candles



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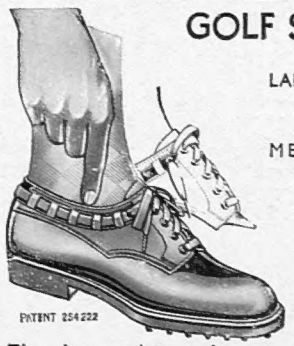
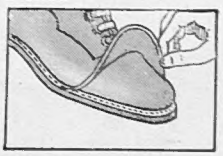


PATENT 254222

The shoe within a shoe

This diagram shows the principle of "a shoe within a shoe" and how the outer upper is carried over the sole, seals the welt where the inner upper meets it, and is secured to upper edge of sole and heel seat by stout waxed cord.



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